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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Dividing a Nation

AMERICA'S TRAGEDY. By James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR C. COLE

WITH the three volumes that have appeared from his pen since 1931, Mr. Adams has indeed proved himself a prolific popularizer of American history. In this case he finds a tragic theme in the chronicled coming in 1619 of the "Dutch man of warr that sold us [the Virginia settlement at Jamestown] twenty Negars." About this theme, which is restated in his analysis of the crisis of 1860 and in his concluding sentence, he has woven the tale of the growth and tragic flowering in America of that sectionalism which resulted in the rise of two totally different civilizations that could find no better test of their relative merits than in the brutal arbitrament of war.

The diversified agricultural-commercial-industrial system of the North followed in the footsteps and at times leaped to the vanguard of the evolution of Western Europe while the ingrowing agrarian negro-slave-plantation culture of the South achieved a distinctive and charming philosophy of life based on values quite different from those of the North, with the result that proud Southrons, forced to concentrate on the defence of chattel slavery and the anachronistic forces of their society, kept themselves and their section out of the main currents of modern thought and development. This became only too apparent when, in the throes of the "war between brethren" which inevitably occurred, the South found world opinion deaf to its appeals, which it erroneously thought were adequately reënforced by the economic dictates of "King Cotton," and foreign intervention was staved off by a strange combination of the self-sacrificing idealism and materialistic self-interest of British onlookers.

Mr. Adams's pen has with nice sweep portrayed the struggle in its proper historical setting. He sympathetically appraises the institution of slavery as the inevitable solution of the labor problem of the Southern planters which the continued importation of Africans made possible and necessary. He notes the secession doctrines of the Southern leaders as a well-precedented and inevitable consequence of the minority status of that sec-

(*Continued on page 203*)

An Introduction to My Life*

BY H. G. WELLS

I NEED freedom of mind. I want peace for work. I am distressed by immediate circumstances. My thoughts and work are encumbered by claims and vexations, and I cannot see any hope of release from them; any hope of a period of serene and beneficent activity, before I am overtaken altogether by infirmity and death. I am in a phase of fatigue and of that discouragement which is a concomitant of fatigue; the petty things of tomorrow skirmish in my wakeful brain, and I find it difficult to assemble my forces to confront this problem which paralyzes the proper use of myself.

There is nothing I think very exceptional in my situation as a mental worker. Entanglement is our common lot. I believe this craving for a release—from bothers, from daily demands and urgencies, from responsibilities and tempting distractions, is shared by an increasing number of people who, with specialized and distinctive work to do, find themselves eaten up by first-hand affairs. The originative intellectual worker is not a normal human being and does not lead nor desire to lead a normal human life. He wants to lead a super-normal life. Mankind is realizing more and more surely that to escape from individual immediacies into the less personal activities now increasing in human society is not, like games, reverie, intoxication or suicide, a suspension or abandonment of the primary life; on the contrary it is the way to power over that primary life which, though subordinated, remains intact. Essentially it is an imposition upon the primary life of a participation in the greater life of the race as a whole. In studies and studios and laboratories, administrative bureaus and exploring expeditions, a new world is germinated and develops. It is not a repudiation of the old but a vast extension of it, in a racial synthesis into which individual aims will ultimately be absorbed. We originative intellectual workers are reconditioning human life.

I do not now in the least desire to live longer unless I can go on with what I consider to be my proper business. That is not to say that the stuff of everyday life has not been endlessly interesting, exciting, and delightful for me in my time: clash of personalities, music and beauty, eating and drinking, travel and meetings, new lands and strange spectacles, the work for successes, much aimless play, much laughter, the getting well again after illness, the pleasures, the very real pleasures, of vanity. Let me not be ungrateful to life for its fundamental substances. But I have had a full share of all these things and I do not want to remain alive simply for more of them. I want the whole stream of this daily life stuff to flow on for me—for a long time yet—if, what I call my work can still be, can be more than ever the emergent meaning of the stream. But only on that condition.

I will explain later what I think my particular business to be. But for it, if it is to be properly done, I require a pleasant well-lit writing room in good air and a comfortable bedroom to sleep in—and, if the mood takes me, to write in—both free from distracting noises and indeed all unexpected disturbances. There should be a secretary or at least a typist within call and out of earshot, and, within reach, an abundant library, and the rest of the world all hung accessibly on to that secretary's telephone. (But it would have to be a one-way telephone, so that when we wanted news we could ask for it, and when we were not in a state to receive and digest news, we should not have it forced upon us.) That would be the central cell of my life. That would give the immediate material conditions for the best work possible. I think I would like that the beautiful scenery outside the big windows should be changed ever and again, but I recognize the difficulties in the way of that. In the background there would have to be, at need, food, exercise, and stimulating, agreeable, and various conversation, and, pervading all my consciousness, there should be a sense of security and attention, as assurance that what was produced, when I had done my best upon it, would be properly significant and effective. In such circumstances I feel I could still do much in these years before me, without hurry and without waste. I can see a correlated scheme of work I could do that would, I feel, be enormously worth while, and the essence of my trouble is that the clock ticks on, the moments drip out and trickle, flow away as hours, as days, and I cannot adjust my life to secure any such fruitful peace.

H. G. WELLS. *Photograph by Robert Disraeli*

It scarcely needs criticism to bring home to me that much of my work has been slovenly, haggard, and irritated, most of it hurried and inadequately revised, and some of it as white and pasty in its texture as a starch-fed nun. I am tormented by a desire for achievement that overruns my capacity and by a practical incapacity to bring about for myself the conditions under which fine achievement is possible. I pay out what I feel to be a disproportionate amount of my time and attention in clumsy attempts to save the rest of it for the work in hand. I seem now in this present mood, to be saving only tattered bits of time, and even in these scraps of salvage my mind is often jaded and preoccupied.

It is not that I am poor and unable to buy the things I want, but that I am quite unable to get the things I want. I can neither control my surroundings myself nor can I find helpers and allies who will protect me from the urgencies—from within and from without—of primary things. I do not see how there can be such helpers. For to protect me completely they would have, I suppose, to span my intelligence and possibilities, and if they could do that they would be better employed in doing my work directly and eliminating me altogether.

This feeling of being intolerably hampered by irrelevant necessities, this powerful desire for disentanglement is the common experience of the men and women who write, paint, conduct research, and assist in a score of other ways, in preparing that new world, that greater human life, which all art, science, and literature have foreshadowed. My old elaborate-minded friend, Henry James the novelist, for example, felt exactly this thing. Some elements in his character obliged him to lead an abundant social life, and as a result he was so involved in engagements, acknowledgments, considerations, compliments, reciprocities, small kindnesses, generosities, graceful gestures, and significant acts, all of which he felt compelled to do with great care and amplitude, that at times he found existence more troubled and pressing than many a sweated toiler. His craving for escape found expression in a dream of a home of rest, "The Great Good Place," where everything that is done was done for good, and the fagged mind was once more active and free.

This fugitive impulse is an inevitable

* The following article presents in substance the chapter which will serve as Introduction to H. G. Wells's "Experiment in Autobiography," shortly to be published by the Macmillan Company.

This Week

"NOT I, BUT THE WIND . . ."
By FRIEDA LAWRENCE
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

I WORKED FOR THE SOVIET
By COUNTESS ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

HENRY FOR HUGH
By FORD MADOX FORD
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

EXPERT IN DEPRESSIONS
A Portrait of Robert Nathan
By BEN RAY REDMAN

THE CANAL
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

MARCEL PROUST
By EDITH WHARTON

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factor in the lives of us all, great or small, who have been drawn into these activities, these super-activities which create and which are neither simply gainful, nor a response to material or moral imperatives, nor simply and directly the procuring of primary satisfactions. Our lives are threaded with this same, often quite desperate, effort to disentangle ourselves, to get into a Great Good Place of our own, and work freely. I have built two houses and practically rebuilt a third to make that Great Good Place to work in; I have shifted from town to country and from country to town, from England to abroad and from friend to friend; I have preyed upon people more generous than myself who loved me and gave life to me. In return, because of my essential preoccupation, I have never given any person nor place a simple disinterested love. It was not in me. I have loved acutely, but that is another matter. I have attended spasmodically to business and money-making. And here I am at sixty-five (Spring 1932), still asking for peace that I may work some more, that I may do that major task that will atone for all the shortcomings of what I have done in the past.

From quite an early age I have been predisposed towards one particular sort of work and one particular system of interests. I have found the attempt to disentangle the possible drift of life in general and of human life in particular from the confused stream of events, and the means of controlling that drift, if such are to be found, more important and interesting by far than anything else. I have had, I believe, an aptitude for it. The study and expression of *tendency,* has been for me what music is for the musician, or the advancement of his special knowledge is to the scientific investigator.

The value of that work is another question. A bad musician may be none the less passionately a musician. Because I have spent a large part of my life's energy in a drive to make a practically applicable science out of history and sociology, it does not follow that contemporary his-

But the fact remains that I have made that effort, that it has given me a considerable ill-defined prestige, and that it is the only thing that makes me conspicuous beyond the average lot and gives my life, with such complications and entanglements as have occurred in it, an interest that has already provoked biography and may possibly provoke more, and so renders unavoidable the thought of a defensive publication, at some future date, of this essay in autobiographical self-examination. The conception of a worker concentrated on the perfection and completion of a work is its primary idea. Either the toad which is struggling to express itself here, *has* engendered a jewel in its head or it is nothing worth troubling about.

This work, this jewel in my head for which I take myself seriously enough to be self-scrutinizing and autobiographical, is, it seems to me, a crystallization of ideas. A variety of biological and historical suggestions and generalizations, which, when lying confusedly in the human mind, were cloudy and opaque, have been brought into closer and more exact relations; the once amorphous mixture has fallen into a lucid arrangement and through this new crystalline clearness, a plainer vision of human possibilities and the conditions of their attainment, appears. I have made the broad lines and conditions of the human outlook distinct and unmistakable for myself and for others. I have shown that human life as we know it, is only the dispersed raw material for human life as it might be. There is a hitherto undreamt-of fulness, freedom, and happiness within reach of our species. Mankind can pull itself together and take that now. But if mankind fails to apprehend its opportunity, then division, cruelties, delusions, and ultimate frustration lie before our kind. The decision to perish or escape has to be made within a very limited time. For escape, vast changes in the educational, economic, and directive structure of human society are necessary. They are definable. They are practicable. But they demand courage and integrity. They demand a force and concentration of will and a power of adaptation in habits and usages which may or may not be within the compass of mankind. This is the exciting and moving prospect displayed by the crystal I have brought out of solution. I do not set up to be the only toad in the world that has this crystallization. I do not find so much difference between my mind and others, that I can suppose that I alone have got this vision clear. What I think, numbers must be thinking. They have similar minds with similar material, and it is by mere chance and opportunity that I have been among the first to give expression to this realization of a guiding framework for life. But I have been among the first.

The brain upon which my experiences have been written is not a particularly good one. If there were brain-shows, as there are cat and dog shows, I doubt if it would get even a third class prize. Upon quite a number of points it would be marked below the average. In a little private school in a small town on the outskirts of London it seemed good enough, and that gave me a helpful conceit about it in early struggles where confidence was half the battle. It was a precocious brain, so that I was classified with boys older than myself right up to the end of a brief school career which closed before I was fourteen. But compared with the run of the brains I meet nowadays, it seems a poorish instrument. I won't even compare it with such cerebra as the full and subtly simple brain of Einstein, the wary, quick, and flexible one of Lloyd George, the abundant and rich gray matter of G. B. Shaw, Julian Huxley's store of knowledge, or my own eldest son's fine and precise instrument. But in relation to everyday people with no claim to mental distinction I still find it at a disadvantage. The names of places and people, numbers, quantities and dates for instance, are easily lost or get a little distorted. It snatches at them and often lets them slip again. I cannot do any but the simplest sums in my head and when I used to play bridge, I found my

H. G. WELLS ABOUT 1876

played with. All this indicates a loose, rather inferior mental texture, bad storage, and uncertain accessibility.

I do not think my brain has begun to age particularly yet. It can pick up new tricks, though it drops them very readily again, more readily perhaps than it used to do. I think my brain has always been very much as it is now, except perhaps for a certain slowing down.

And I believe that its defects are mainly innate. It was not a good brain to begin with, although certain physical defects of mine and bad early training may have increased faults that might have been corrected by an observant teacher. The atmosphere of my home and early upbringing was not a highly educative atmosphere; words were used inexactly, and mispronounced, and so a certain timidity of utterance and a disposition to mumble and avoid doubtful or difficult words and phrases, may have worked back into my mental texture. My eyes have different focal lengths and nobody discovered this until I was over thirty. Columns of figures and lines of print are as a result apt to get a little dislocated and this made me bad at arithmetic and blurred my impression of the form of words. It was only about the age of thirteen, when I got away with algebra, Euclid's elements, and, a little later, the elements of trigonometry, that I realized I was not a hopeless duffer at mathematics. But here comes an item on the credit side: I have a quick sense of form and proportion; I have a brain good for outlines.

A thing that has I think more to do with my general build than with my brain structure is that my brain works best in short spells and is easily fatigued. My head is small—I can cheer up nearly every one of my friends by just changing hats; the borrowed brim comes down upon my ears and spreads them wide—my heart has an irregular beat and I suspect that my carotid arteries do not branch so freely and generously into my gray matter as they might do. At any rate there is and always has been far too ready a disposition in my brain to fag and fade for my taste.

Now defects in the brain texture must affect its moral quite as much as its intellectual character. It is essentially the same apparatus at work in either case. If the links of association that reassemble a memory can be temporarily effaced, so can the links that bring a sense of obligation to bear upon a motive. Adding a column of figures wrongly and judging incorrectly a situation in which one has to act are quite comparable brain processes. So in my own behavior just as in my apprehension of things the outline is better than the detail. The more closely I scrutinize my reactions, the more I find detailed inconsistencies, changes of front, and goings to and fro. The more I stand off from the immediate thing and regard my behavior as a whole the more it holds together. My brain may be very much alive or it may be flat and faded out or simply stupefied by sleepiness or apathy; it may be exalted by some fever in the blood, warmed and confused by alcohol, energized, angered, or sexually excited by the subtle messages and stimuli my blood brings it; but my belief is that I remain always very much the same personality

government in one capital, even though that government is sometimes negligent, feeble, or inert.

One other thing I have to note about this brain of mine and that is—how can I phrase it?—an exceptional want of excitable "Go." I suspect that is due not, as my forgetfulnesses and inconsistencies may be, to local insufficiencies and failures in the circulation, but to some general understimulation. My perceptions do not seem to be so thorough, vivid, and compelling as those of many people I meet, and it is rare that my impressions of things glow. There is a faint element of inattention in all I do; it is as if white was mixed into all the pigments of my life. I am rarely *vivid* to myself. I am just a little slack, not wholly and continuously interested, prone to be indolent and cold-hearted. I am readily bored. When I try to make up for this I am inevitably a little "forced" when dealing with things, and a little "false" and "charming" with people.

Nature has a way of turning even biological defects into advantages, and I am not sure how far what may be called my success in life has not been due to this undertow of indifference. I have not been easily carried away by immediate things and made to forget the general in the particular. There is a sort of journalistic legend that I am a person of boundless enthusiasm and energy. Nothing could be further from the reality. For all my desire to be interested I have to confess that for most things and people I don't care a damn. Writing numbers of books and articles is evidence not of energy but of sedentary habits. People with a real quantitative excess of energy and enthusiasm become Mussolinis, Hitlers, Stalins, Gladstones, Beaverbrooks, Northcliffes, Napoleons. It takes generations to clean up after them. But what I shall leave behind me will not need cleaning up. Just because of that constitutional apathy it will be characteristically free from individual Woosh, and it will be available and it will go on for as long as it is needed.

The Opening Wedge

THE GOLDEN SPIKE. By Floyd Dell. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MR. DELL'S novel is laid in the golden days which ended with the war, but which were already coming to an end before that chasm swallowed them. In that happily unrealistic time, Harvey Claymore, who was a boy gifted with the genuine historical imagination, was led by a sentence in Mommsen to light on a special economic explanation of the Civil War: that it was the discovery of gold in California which threw out of balance the compromise by which slavery had been maintained. Characteristically, he thought of calling his realistic thesis by the romantic name of the golden spike which completed one of the trans-continental railroads, though it was

FLOYD DELL

the railroad itself which he saw as a duced all sorts of complications. Until we leave him, still a young man, he was being forced again and again to the realistic view of his own life as well as of history, to the experience of little inequalities or insufficiencies of money as golden wedges driven in between a man and his friend, and his work, and his wife. It was a lesson he might have learned from Balzac, who would have told him how French society hung on the will and the marriage settlement. But those were the days when the Middle West found its spokesman in Mr. Tarkington's "Man from Home" in pronouncing marriage settlements something corrupt; and at the end of the book when the old gentleman of the Middle West is shocked at his niece's frankness about sex, his wife can still respond "It's all this talk about money that *I* don't think is quite decent."

And so Harvey begins his life with a disastrously unrealistic indifference towards money; but he finds its fatal importance in the life of his father, of all his

(*Continued on next page*)

Dedication for a Book

By FRANCES FROST

OUT of our silences and pain,
out of the midnights we have spent
in pitiful splendor, out of grass
wherein the shape of bodies was
and where through sunlight we have lain
and seen the budded branches bent
above the rocks and heard the sound
of withering leaves along the ground—

out of love these words were born.
Not in irony or hope,
but in praise and gratitude,
they mounted to a living flood,
as the pent leaves swell in mountain-thorn
and faith in mortal throats.
They grope
toward truth. Accept them: of our slain
hours, these words alone remain.

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friends, of the college where he teaches, and finally in his own. This is not one of those arid problem novels in which the characters are cut down to a few abstract symbols. It is a full, rich book, which handles a young love story with tenderness, a college campus with penetrating irony, and a whole host of characters with sympathy. And if some of the minor actors are a little shadowy, and it is hard to keep them straight, that is only a reflection of the host of casual acquaintances one has in life. But through all the stories the same note sounds: the rich take away independence of life from the poor. From the smallest symbols, ugly presents one does not want but finds too valuable to throw away, this theme runs up to the principal story of the book, that of Harvey's marriage. After an idyllic courtship he marries a girl who, as he knows, has a little money of her own, and who, as he knew but had forgotten, had much more considerable expectations. Bit by bit his unwillingness to live on her and her unwillingness to see him waste his gifts on hack-work when she has enough, the little irritations and strains, the absences when she must have more comfort for the baby and he cannot follow, these all destroy the marriage that had been so lovely.

One cannot but feel that to a marriage of true minds this should not have been so great an impediment. Certainly, all the other conditions in this marriage were favorable; the inequality of fortune was not great, the husband was earning enough so that without his wife's money he could have supported the family, and most important of all the two were in love. If this marriage could not surmount the wife's fortune, it is hard to see how any could. Mr. Dell's position appears to be the surprisingly old-fashioned one that if a wife has money of her own the marriage cannot be happy, since the husband cannot be independent of his wife. But for years the feminists have been convincing us that if the wife has not money of her own the marriage cannot be a happy one, since she cannot be independent of her husband. And one is bound to say that not only with his wife but with his friends, Harvey Claymore wants a certain generosity of spirit. The independence of Harvey Claymore bulks too large in Harvey's oversensitive mind, and one must suspect that it bulks too large, as against the counter-claims of his wife, in the mind of his creator.

But here one is perhaps doing Mr. Dell an injustice, for he nowhere suggests that he is offering a thesis, or doing anything except tell a convincing and moving story, and that he certainly does. And with it, he gives a vivid picture of that period in which everything seemed so certain and so hopeful, and yet in which the rumors were beginning, of the new psychology of sex in the more advanced campus conversation; even of the imminent European war, in the teaching of the history professor whose heretical view of progress was that the rise of the European nations was only the final stage in the long decline of the Roman Empire. It is a book which is more than the pure *roman à thèse*, but it will give its readers more to think of than many thesis novels do.

Dividing a Nation

(*Continued from first page*)

tion when it came to be surpassed in prosperity by the North and its destined agrarian ally, the West. He declines to believe that there is any sound formal basis for choosing between the constitutional nationalism of the North and the particularism of the South, or even between the conflicting sectional claims as to the status of slavery in the territories. He appreciates more clearly than his predecessors the significance of the inferiority complex of the South as a motivation for its insistence upon its honor and its rights and upon its duty of achieving separate status in a Southern confederacy. And he tells the story of the bloody contest with due regard to its tragic qualities, for both the South and the nation. His chapters carry the story in chronological sequence—not without occasionally confusing minor forces, it must be said—until the collapse of the Confederacy. A final chapter

FAMILY LIFE IN THE FIFTIES
A Currier and Ives print, from James Truslow Adams's "History of the United States."

appraises the lessons of the conflict, suggesting that the human values and the art of living that constituted the essence of the philosophy of the Old South should be preserved and made to do duty in leavening the materialistic society of today, which he is frank in charging with having too much inherited the older "Northern doctrine of getting and doing." While there is little of maudlin sentimentality, the sympathetic treatment of the "lost cause" should satisfy all but "professional" Southerners.

Yet it cannot be said—as doubtless journalistic reviewers will soon be saying—that Mr. Adams has greatly altered the current view of historical scholars concerning his tragic theme. Rather he has skilfully synthetized the material available largely in monographic and other secondary work of the last thirty years, with effective use for purposes of illustration and for local color of important newspaper materials and contemporary correspondence and diaries. On the war itself, which is pictured with all its horrors, he has delved deeply into many, but not all, important sources and effectively utilized them for his narrative. If this analysis fails to do full justice to the author, it is only because the critic has no careful check in the absence of systematic footnote citations and formal bibliographical data.

There are numerous minor matters upon which one might take issue with the author—on some he takes issue with himself. He refers to the "universal belief in the right of secession" which prevailed in the South, only later to qualify it in more careful statements. Even then he does not reveal an appreciation of the extent to which good Southerners shared Robert E. Lee's belief that there was no constitutional right of secession. More serious is his reference to the planters as "the strength of the secession movement." Apparently Adams is not aware of the evidence that the leading planters—despite certain aggressive politicians among that group—were generally conservative, union-loving men and that the non-slaveholders constituted the bulk of the following of the fire-eaters in the period before the war. There is little evidence of his having studied the Southern commercial conventions of the fifties and the work of their leaders—J. G. B. DeBow is not even mentioned in the text or listed in the index.

A mere academic historian may, without being hypercritical or offensive, it is to be hoped, point out the disadvantages of some of the "tricks of the trade" of the popular writer, as illustrated in this volume. Mr. Adams reminds the reader repeatedly that "it is impossible to tell in detail" certain phases of his story; at other times he recalls previous points, "as we have seen," repeated, with variants, almost *ad nauseam;* again he gives promise in similar stereotypes of items that are to be given later treatment. Such clumsy mechanics tend to qualify the splendid flow that generally characterizes his style. This will for the average reader probably not seriously impair the usefulness of his thought-provoking study.

Arthur C. Cole is a member of the department of history of Western Reserve University.

On Living With a Genius

"NOT I BUT THE WIND . . ." By Frieda Lawrence. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

D. H. LAWRENCE may or may not have been the author of permanent contributions to English literature. That remains to be seen. His violent missionary spirit, his sense as of a prophet with a duty, and his tendency to make novels into tracts and protest out of everything, will weigh against his future, as his occasional passages of magnificent writing, his passionate sincerity, and his extraordinary intuitions will doubtless count in his favor. But that he was a genius is indisputable, and also that his impact upon the smugness of emotional convention was that of a whirlwind which has left its marks on our time.

Such a man, excited and exciting, sets minds about him on fire, and Lawrence's subject being the validity of passion, it is not surprising that now that he is dead the women he knew burn with an intense flame of reminiscence. We have had several books on Lawrence by women who were his intimates. This last is the best biography.

It is the best because Frieda Lawrence, the daughter of a German baroness, and his wife, has limited biography to a touching, intimate, and revealing story of their relationship, enriched by several poems, and a series of letters to her, to her sister, and to her remarkable mother (surely one of the rare instances of a notable correspondence between son and mother-in-law in the history of biography). Thus, while Lawrence the youth, Lawrence in the world, Lawrence the eminent writer, enter this book only by inference or necessary mention, the personality of Lawrence the man as he was intimately known is described as perhaps only a woman, and that woman his wife, could do it. The book might be called "On Living With a Genius," the subtitle, "With Letters Illustrating the Manner of Man He Was."

Lawrence was an irritable genius, not weak as some have absurdly depicted him, not hysterical, not abnormal in any way except in the intensity of his emotions and his sublime confidence in his mission. He was a fighting idealist whose job was to put blood back into the idealism of love. He was a man constantly thwarted by the prejudice which waits always upon novelty, and often self-wounded through his inability to sublimate completely a vein of inherent vulgarity which ran from his lower class origins straight into the strong idealisms and fierce honesties of his maturity. He was a hard man to marry, a hard man to have for a friend. Hardest of all as a husband, but here, as this book shows, most rewarding. Pursued by women, knowing with delicate sensibility more about them than they knew themselves, he was more successful than Shelley in distinguishing between monogamy and polygamy. It is clear that he did not make a landing stage of his heart. But his friends, especially his women friends, suffered, though doubtless their compensation in his friendship was worth all their costs. There are ironical letters of his in this book which show how dangerous it is to long to possess a genius—

> . . . is a little famous in New York and little loved, very intelligent as a woman, another "culture carrier," likes to play the patroness, . . . is very "generous," wants to be "good" and is very wicked, has a terrible will-to-power, you know—she wants to be a witch and at the same time a Mary of Bethany at Jesus' feet—a big, white crow, a cooing raven of ill-omen, a little buffalo.

Frieda had the possessive instinct also. She fought for him ("I think it was a fair fight") and Lawrence gave her abundant opportunities, but she believed that it was because he wrote best, was best with her, she felt "deeply responsible for what he wrote." One feels in reading that she was right. A conventional woman, a merely docile woman, a cold woman would have never done for Lawrence; a bossy woman, a meddler with his genius would have killed him. He needed constant fire, instantaneous and violent reactions, rows, followed by passionate reconciliations, and all premised upon an undeviating belief in his genius and an unqualified love, not of his manners, but of himself. This Frieda gave him, and it is the story of how she gave and where and under what difficulties, her own and theirs together, that gives this book unity, and the drive of real biography. It is a partial portrait but the aspect of Lawrence lives upon the canvas.

> There was always this "not of the earth" quality about Lawrence.
>
> The words seemed to pour out of his hand onto the paper, unconsciously, naturally, and without effort, as flowers bloom and birds fly past.
>
> "But Lawrence, I
> actly the opposite
> ing now." "And w
> week I felt like tha
>
> All this idea of style and form puzzled Lawrence.
>
> He would act a whole revival meeting for me . . . There was the revivalist parson . . . "Is *your* name written in the book?" he would shout.
>
> Healthy in soul he always was . . . He was never sorry for himself and all he suffered.
>
> Sometimes I think that Lawrence was the last green shoot on the tree of English civilization . . . "They can't ignore me in the long run," he would say, with clenched teeth.

I am writing about "'Not I But the Wind . . .'" in this brief review rather than upon Lawrence, hence it should be merely noted here that these letters particularly, but also Mrs. Lawrence's text, are full of interesting *obiter dicta* of Lawrence upon his contemporaries and his times that will be important for the biographer who, when the women and his other intimates have poured out all their reminiscences, will write the definitive biography of this John Donne of our generation.

ALDOUS HUXLEY AND D. H. LAWRENCE

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Novel of Curiosity

How long is the nose of fiction, how much further can it poke? Are there any provinces, states of mind, backwaters, freshwaters, refuse piles, types, classes, mores and immoralities, sentiments and sentimentalities, into which the curiosity of the novelist has not pushed like an irrepressible reporter? The poor white, the Negro, both plantation and Harlem, the gangster, the small-town rake, the police, the college faculty, the down-Easterner, the factory hand, the emigrant and immigrant, the baker and the automobile salesman, the Pennsylvania Dutch and the Boston intellectual, coal miners, gold-seekers, herders, bankers, Indians—this is only a tenth of the possible list from recent fiction. Also the sexually maladjusted, the paranoiac, the inhibited by inferiority, the class conscious and the class unconscious, the frightened and the impudent, the victims of social injustice and the neurotics ruined by wealth.

Can there be many classes or types or states of consciousness left in the United States which have not been put through a typewriter? Yes, undoubtedly a few. We can remember no novel about the life of railroad conductors, surely a fruitful subject since they see America on the move, no stories of gas station attendants, undertakers, American Chinese, apartment doormen (who certainly see life), street cleaners, candy factories, blueberry pickers, internes, insurance adjusters, old clothes men, college crammers, proof readers, exterminators, mineralogists, New York Turks, Presidents' secretaries. And no novel about the neurotic who ruins himself by a vicious passion for normality, which is about the only form of neuroticism that has not found its way into fiction. Yet doubtless this rash statement of exceptions will bring letters stating title and publisher of a book on each topic.

It is a literature of curiosity, legitimate, quite interesting, and an evidence of the restless activity of the modern mind. Furthermore it seems to indicate an intensity of individualism in strange contrast to the new collective ideas on the wind. It is hard to believe that a country so eager to read about the behavior of its citizens can ever work up a passionate interest in a totalitarian state. Or is this the decadence of that obsession with personality which began with the Renaissance?

Our guess is in the negative. There is nothing mysterious in this curiosity. It is the natural result of easy transportation, nation-wide publications, and national advertising. The burning curiosity of the frontier, to which every memoir writer testifies, and the malign and ingrowing curiosity of the village, have broadened with opportunity. We peep in the windows of all the world.

It has been a picnic for the fiction writers, but picnics cannot last indefinitely. With all this vast encyclopedia of information about the habits of our neighbors, we seem to understand human nature about as much as before, perhaps a very little better. The student of Shakespeare is not at a loss in an argument with the student of Dreiser or Proust. Perhaps only in the fiction of neuroticism have we put our hands on something new, and the ultimate value of this is still indefinite.

Can curiosity go much further unless supported by a desire to interpret, to get values, and to create, as so many great novelists and dramatists have done, character types that are extensions from reality into the future? We doubt it, and hence read with only a faint stir of still unappeased curiosity advertisements of books written by roving reporters who say they have found new kinds of Americans. Library shelves are crowded with specimens that have been labeled but not really studied. Has not the time come in fiction for less behaviorism and more art?

Last year 10,993,203 copies of the Bible in 678 languages were distributed throughout the world. The eleven new languages included Afrikaans, the Lettish Romany tongue, and Kunini.

"GIVE ME *THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC* AND A COPY OF 'INDIAN LOVE LYRICS' AND I'LL WRITE YOU ANY ROMANTIC NOVEL."

Letters to the Editor: *Montana Votes for Literature; Notes on a Missouri Novelist*

Tired of Russia

SIR:—I am sick to death of books about the World economic and social problems. The Pro- and Anti-New Deal with its arguments about inflation and deflation leave me quite untouched. Perhaps it is just my aversion but it seems to me that ever since "New Russia's Primer" was published in this country there has been a preponderance of reviews of books of the above mentioned subjects and of Russia. Every time anybody goes to the border of Russia to make a call, he or she or he and she together just must write a book about it and your staff just must write a lengthy review of it. This may all be literature and perhaps you are quite right in what you are doing, but you are simply driving me to other reviews which are not as well done as yours but I do not have to travel across Russia or through a morass of economic problems to get to them.

B. H. KEPNER.

Great Falls, Montana.

Far from a Hermit

SIR:—Many of your readers interested in Josephine Johnson should be told that the Simon and Schuster column in your issue of September 22 gives an erroneous impression of her residence and way of life.

"Hundreds and hundreds of miles from the nearest literary tea or broadcasting station" indeed! Miss Johnson lives within a dozen miles of the broadcasting rooms of KMOX, KSD, KWK, WIL, and a couple of minor stations, and for several years has found it no insurmountable difficulty to attend the meetings of the St. Louis Writers' Guild, which are as near to literary teas as we poor, benighted Midwesterners can hope to come.

"Diffident to the point of inaccessibility?" Well, Ellwood Douglas of the *Post-Dispatch* managed to get a half-page interview as soon as the publication of her novel was announced; and those of us who have seen her in the halls and on the campus of Washington University in the past five or six years know that though undeniably diffident, she is far from a hermit.

But perhaps anyone living west of the Mississippi is still supposed, by New Yorkers, to reside in a mud hut and shoot rusty flintlocks at occasional Indians. It will be a surprise for Fame, when the time comes to "seek her out," in the words of Essandess, to find Josephine Johnson living in a pleasant home, much like some in New York, on the edge of a metropolitan area which, believe it or not, has all the modern conveniences, including literary groups that sometimes recognize merit in advance of New York.

RAYMOND F. HOWES, *Editor.*
The Alumni Bulletin,
Washington University,
Saint Louis, Mo.

And Finally

SIR:—Mark Twain told of a young man describing his experiences in a free-for-all fight:

> "And placing my nose securely between his teeth, I threw him heavily to the floor, he falling on top of me."

This is quoted from memory, but it seems rather apropos of the free-for-all concerning my biography, "Meriwether Lewis, of Lewis and Clark."

The book is written, published, and to some degree, sold. Its preparation has given me much pleasure along with much labor. I have worked conscientiously in presenting what I believed to be a helpful volume on a too-little-known era of Americana. Mr. Allan Nevins, of "Grover Cleveland" fame, branded the work as wildly conjectural in his review,—in my opinion supporting his condemnations with assertions that were in themselves wildly conjectural, and essentially fragmentary exhibits, rather than the products of discerning research.

As a student of historical research, I am sure that Mr. Nevins is aware of the great number of contradictions to be found in basic materials which cover a period so dynamic and little-known as does the life of Meriwether Lewis. I believe that he will agree that historical writing is essentially a matter of sorting, rejecting, and coördinating materials, of weighing probables and improbables in good faith and producing a bona fide balance. It is my belief that the book in question observes these principles; that it is a sincere effort, offered in good faith.

Moreover, in his criticisms, Mr. Nevins has failed to offer adequate or discerning documentations for his own assertions. He has sought to shift the burden of defense to the book itself, overlooking the very elemental fact that good criticism must be more than vitriolic abuse.

Furthermore, it seems only fair to point out that I have been given no opportunity to offer a complete statement or listing of my source material. It is available for anyone who wishes to consult it.

I should be very happy indeed to discuss sources and references for Meriwether Lewis material with anyone who, in good faith, cares to enter into such discussion.

Finally to Mr. Nevins's assertion that "one or two unwary critics" accepted "Meriwether Lewis" as an authentic biography, I should like to point out that reviewers who have given the book favorable or constructive criticism include those of at least 105 important magazines and newspapers, throughout the nation. To refute, rather than to blurb, the following is quoted from the *Washington Historical Quarterly,* Seattle:

> "Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark" will be accepted enthusiastically by the general reader seeking the record of a hero and adventurer. The historian will also appreciate the volume for its real worth and for the numerous letters and documents to augment the evident authenticity of the entire work.

CHARLES MORROW WILSON.

Newfane, Vt.

The New Philosophical Poet

SIR:—Permit me to submit the following quotations as possible answers to Mr. Irwin Edman's basic questions, for characteristics of the new philosophical poet.

> From time to time [says Mr. Henri Bergson in "Laughter"] in a fit of absent-mindedness nature raises up Souls that are more detached from life. Not with that intentional, logical, systematic detachment—the result of reflection and philosophy—but rather with a natural detachment, one innate in the structure of sense or consciousness which at once reveals itself by a virginal manner, so to speak, of seeing, hearing, or thinking. Were this detachment complete, did the soul no longer cleave to action by any of its perceptions, it would be the soul of an artist such as the world has never yet seen.

Of Lucretius, George Santayana writes in "Three Philosophical Poets," "The greatest thing about this genius is its power of losing itself in its object, its impersonality. We seem to be reading not the poetry about things, but the poetry of things themselves. That things have their poetry, not because of what we make them symbols of, but because of their own movement and life, is what Lucretius proves once for all to mankind."

In conclusion I should like to ask Mr. Edman, would it not be more fitting to be a good detective and find the new poet in the flesh rather than the word?

MILTON GRAY.

New York City.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

NEW FRONTIERS. By HENRY A. WALLACE. *Reynal & Hitchcock.* A prospectus for America by the Secretary of Agriculture.

THE FOLKS. By RUTH SUCKOW. *Farrar & Rinehart.* The chronicle of an American family.

RETREAT FROM GLORY. By R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART. *Putnam.* More adventures of a diplomatic agent.

This Less Recent Book:

ENCHANTED WOODS. By HENRY BAERLEIN. *Simon & Schuster.* A book of travel adventures.

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Tolstoy's Daughter and the Revolution

I WORKED FOR THE SOVIET. By Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY is now living in this country, but both in personality and experience she differs from the usual type of upper-class Russian emigré and her story is no mere raking over the already familiar pile of emigré dead leaves.

The daughter of the great Leo, much more a chip of the old block than many who bear the famous family name, not only followed her father's teachings but was a vigorous and capable woman quite able to look out for herself. Long before the Revolution she had considered the overthrow of the monarchy essential, and had looked forward "to a more liberal government, one without militarism, with religious and political freedom, with land for the peasants." It was quite natural, for example, that when she first arrived in this country, she should be the guest of Miss Lillian Wald at the Henry Street Settlement. She was the sort of pre-war Russian liberal with whom Americans felt quite at home, what we call "a good scout."

She was commanding a hospital unit just back of the front at the time of the March revolution and she hailed it with the rest. The soldiers wanted to toss her in the air in the general enthusiasm. When it became impossible to go on with the hospital work, she returned to Moscow and later to her own farm near her father's estate at Yasnia Poliana, and there is an amusingly typical picture of her good-bye to her former belongings. The farm had been taken over by the village soviet, but Alexandra Lvovna nevertheless ordered the farm manager to harness all the horses to the carts. Machinery, tools, beehives, and furniture were loaded on the carts and driven over to Yasnia Poliana. The peasants shook their heads and laughed, but helped her just the same. She slept in an empty house on a pile of hay on her own place that night and at three o'clock the next morning, in the darkness, took the horses to the nearest market and sold them for half what they were worth. Then she whistled to her dogs, and with the one horse that was left drove off to Yasnia Poliana.

For the next ten years, with intervals as a political prisoner, she fought to keep Yasnia Poliana as a memorial to her father. She got the Central Executive Committee to put the estate under the control of the Department of Museum Activities in the Commissariat of Education and to make her Curator. There were to be schools, intelligent farming, and freedom from the atheistic propaganda elsewhere in vogue. As things turned out, the attempt was doomed. Little by little, the Bolshevik tide crept into and finally overflowed the place. One spring day in 1929, Alexandra Lvovna got up early and walked through the forest to her father's grave. A thin crust of ice cracked, water gurgled underfoot. The gold in the east brightened, the birds started singing, and all at once she felt convinced that she "could not go on living a lie." After that, it was only a question of ways and means of getting out of the country.

The things that happened during that troubled decade, and they included personal interviews with Kalenin, Lunarcharsky, and Stalin himself, various perquisitions and arrests, and a trial in which Trotsky took part—on the side of one of her fellow prisoners—are told with admirable brevity, commonsense, and simple eloquence. There is a passage describing one of the farm days at Yasnia Poliana which recalls similar bits in "War and Peace." Alexandra Lvovna was working in the rye field with the rest:

> Loading the sheaves on the carts was as easy as playing tennis. You speared a sheaf with a fork and tossed it up to someone on the load who caught it in his hands. Then you tied up the load and sat down on the sheaves to wait for the next cart. The field was clear and shone like gold; only here and there cornflowers and wormwood could be seen. The straw heated by the sun smelled like fresh-baked black bread. From far off came the sound of empty carts hurrying back to the fields. I felt very warm, strong, happy.

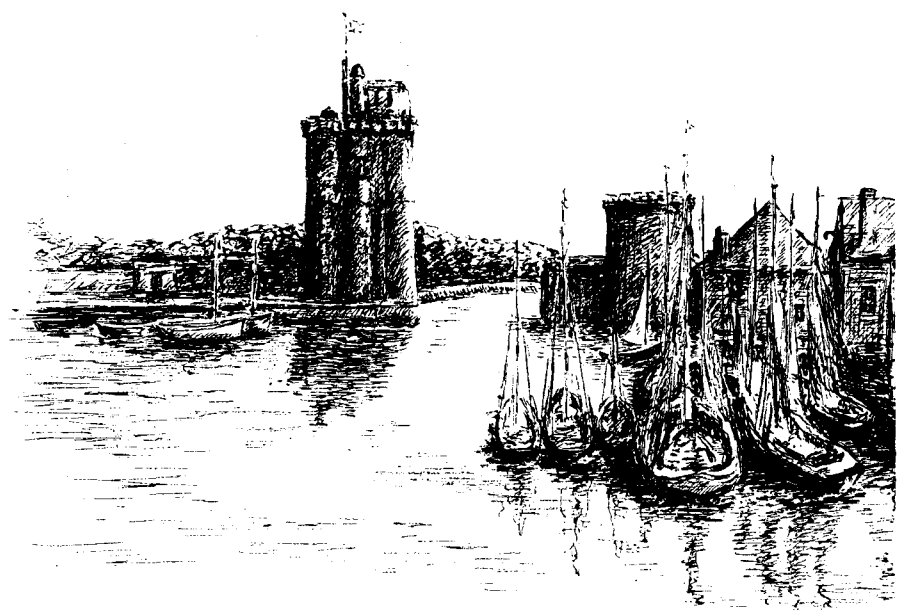
As Tolstoy's energetic daughter, Alexandra Lvovna's position was, of course, more favorable than that of most of her class. The Bolsheviks must have been at their wits' ends to know just what to do with her and with Yasnia Poliana—how to be consistent and yet not to offend public opinion abroad. On the other end, she very decidedly, instead of merely running away, stood her ground and made a fight for it. It is a stirring and entertaining record, told with fairness and vigor and a minimum of recriminations and complaints.

The Trail of Rabelais

A JOURNEY INTO RABELAIS'S FRANCE. By Albert Jay Nock. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $3.50.

SUPERFICIALLY, Mr. Nock's travels are reminiscent of those recorded by Henry James in "A Little Tour in France." They both start at Tours, make a semi-circle through the southwest, pass through Montpellier, Arles, Nîmes, and Avignon, and proceed up the Rhone; they both complain a good deal about traveling conditions; and they both consider the tourist centers generally overestimated. Here the resemblance ends. Mr. Nock's route was chosen to include all the places associated with Rabelais; this gives his book a center of gravity—frequently it is a center of levity—which distinguishes it from other travel books. He is always informed and interesting in regard to the background, whether specifically Rabelaisian or not, of the places he visits.

Mr. Nock tells a lot of good stories—there's one about a young American who had the French equivalent of a shot-gun wedding; there's one about Ste. Radegonde of Poitiers, a sixth century feminist who founded a coeducational convent—and there are excellent brief characterizations, of numerous contemporaries of Rabelais, of the du Bellay family, of Louise Labé who varied an existence spent in the Lyon society of 1550 by bearing arms on the battlefield and by writing excellent poetry. If there are also frequent occasions when the author descends from urbanity to issue pronunciamentos (these are mostly about America, and they mostly miss the mark), there is no issue to be taken; the spirit is informal, even conversational; one cannot object to anything Mr. Nock says about us while he is giving us such a good time. The numerous pen-and-ink drawings by Ruth Robinson are perfect illustrations for this personal record.



THE HARBOR OF LA ROCHELLE

Drawings on this page by Ruth Robinson, from "A Journey into Rabelais's France."

LOUISE LABÉ

Mistaken Identity

HENRY FOR HUGH. By Ford Madox Ford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS novel is a sequel to "The Rash Act" which told of the suicide of Hugh Monckton Allard Smith and the circumstances which forced Henry Martin Aluin Smith to take his place, though those circumstances are mainly recapitulated in the new book. It is a rather implausible and boring story, and Henry Martin is such a lazy valetudinarian with a regular wish-fulfilment of mistresses, so cosseted and coddled and almost dandled, that one ends by not giving much of a hoot whether the imposture he is always trying to explain away is found out or not. A great deal of the book is taken up in trying to make reasonable what is essentially unreasonable. A frankly implausible story like "The Masquerader" is more to my taste.

Naturally, Mr. Ford can write; though he has an irritating trick of translating all his scraps of French as though otherwise the benighted reader couldn't possibly understand what he was talking about. But here is a seasoned novelist concerning himself with material that seems to me a bit heavy, quite a bit repetitive, and rather dull. There are, of course, some nice and subtle touches in the narrative; but not nearly so many as one had anticipated. The women seem viewed so entirely through the eyes of a self-absorbed man that they hardly come alive; though the aunt is quite a character. Henry Martin is an American, presumably; Mr. Ford does rather better with the task of making him an American than most English writers do; and still manages some howlers.

Some of Mr. Ford's writing I have enjoyed greatly. He has written several poems that should not perish, and has the faculty of reminiscing in a most delightful fashion. I am not so familiar with his novels, but I am quite sure that this novel cannot be up to his best. Henry emerges with honor, owing to the author's management of circumstance. But the story doesn't end anywhere in particular. It suggests that it might be followed by other instalments, which would have as accurate an English background as this is accurately European, and would move on in much the same pleasantly desultory fashion. The touch is languid. Mr. Ford can create situations of high dramatic potential, but he does nothing in particular with them. Neither is his variety of stream-of-consciousness writing of any great subtlety or depth. Conrad Aiken, for instance, can give him cards and spades as to that. And a very small fly in this ointment is still bothering me. I wonder whether there *is* a New Canaan, Massachusetts? I know there is one in Connecticut, because I have lived there. Not that it matters.

Savages Are People

WITH NAKED FOOT. By Emily Hahn. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1934. $2.

MISS HAHN tells the story of her black heroine, Mawa, with the same freshness, humor, and freedom from ready-made notions with which she wrote of her own adventures in "Congo Solo." This, we are quite ready to agree, is just the way it happened. Darkest Africa becomes an understandable neighborhood, with local peculiarities, to be sure; and savages are also people. It is an entertaining and nourishing book.

Mawa was *ménagère* or housekeeper, in turn, for four white "husbands"—the little Portuguese, Fernandes, who was father of her son, Joachim; the big brute known as The Fat Man; his successor, "Mr. Angry," and finally the young American schoolteacher, "Mr. Good." It is through the eyes and feelings of the white men that we get her story.

As a woman, she would have been more or less bought and sold, in any case, would have had to belong to someone to whom she would be expected always to answer "Yes, Master!" And the mass-injustice—however taken for granted—of the lot of myriads of her sex is one of the ideological bases (always implicit, never stressed) of Miss Hahn's novel. Another, similarly implicit, is that a civilized white man can fall in love with a primitive black woman. All four white men loved Mawa in their different ways. She had humor, sweetness, tact, understanding, and a certain unconquerable inner essence which made her decidedly a person. None yielded so completely—just because he was of finer stuff, less cynical, than the others—as the young American, who came out to Africa with eyes open, knowing just what he would and wouldn't do, with a young wife at home to whom he wrote long letters telling everything he saw, did and felt. The Fat Man might save his face by pretending to treat Mawa as a mere concubine, but "M[illegible] mot[illegible] ope[illegible] con[illegible] right, this is all right . . . [illegible] sigh of relief stopped thinking."

The young American, without meaning to be so, was, of course, the most cruel of all her masters. He never beat her—if only he would, and forgive her and be kind again, and stop that endless talking! But having given himself, he must needs, for his pride's sake, receive from her a civilized white woman's peculiar sort of devotion. And it is characteristic of Miss Hahn's at once sympathetic and understanding but quite unsentimental and realistic attitude, that the final crash should come when "Mr. Good" discovered Mawa giving what seemed to her merely a passing favor to one of the black men.

It was such a little thing—why couldn't he understand? He had known about Mr. Angry and the Fat Man. Why couldn't he understand this, and beat her and forget about it? But he only spoke softly and made her pack her clothes and himself packed up and started back for the white man's country—and took Joachim with him! The really big thing in Mawa's life was her "white" son, although none of the white men understood that—she would have left any of the four for one of the others if it had meant losing or keeping near her son. And in the end he was taken away, and Mawa, "old" now, was left for such an old man of her own people as might be willing to have her.

The author's own attitude toward the primitive blacks, in so far as it is expressed, is most nearly put in one of the American's soliloquies: . . . "they were such children. They were such wise old people. They were so simple, and yet such terrible animals." The uniqueness of her story lies partly in her perception of the fact that "savage" and "civilized" human beings, of whatever color or race, can't be accepted or rejected, so to speak, *en bloc;* that on certain levels—that of Mawa's mother-love, for instance—they are identical, while the next instant they may be centuries and continents apart. From the inability of these different levels to coalesce, flows, of course, the pitiful tragedy as well as the ironic humor of her story.

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Expert in Depressions

A PORTRAIT OF ROBERT NATHAN, BY BEN RAY REDMAN

BACK in 1922, the year in which "Jurgen" stood trial for obscenity, when the great reading public was busy with Lewis's "Babbitt," Willa Cather's "One of Ours," Fitzgerald's "Tales of the Jazz Age," Van Vechten's "Peter Whiffle," and Hergesheimer's "Cytherea"; —back in 1922, when *The Dial* and *The Freeman* were still flourishing and "Anna Christie" held the New York boards, when the so-called "young intellectuals" were hotly debating the cryptic significances of "The Waste Land," and the *va-et-vient* of literary-journalistic Manhattan was being reported with much candor and less tact in the columns of Burton Rascoe's "A Bookman's Daybook";—back in 1922, the year in which Mussolini marched on Rome, and in which the Supreme Court of the United States solemnly decreed that the Japanese are not members of the white race, a young author of twenty-eight was complaining to his publisher.

The young man's name was Robert Nathan, the scene was Sam Broad's Chop House, tucked away under the Elevated south of Washington Square, and the publisher was Guy Holt, then editor of Robert M. McBride and Company. The author's complaints were scarcely unique in the history of publishing. All he wanted was more advertising and more publicity; it was absurd to think that books could sell without them. A few favorable reviews, scattered here and there, meant nothing. Everyone knew that. "Autumn," published the year before, had pleased certain reviewers who saw in it a reaction to the vulgar trend of current fiction, and it had delighted those who had eyes and ears for a style, but it had not sold. What was the answer? Advertising. Publicity. Energetic promotion. Poetry, of course, was another matter, and Bob was not complaining about the handling of his book of verse, "Youth Grows Old," which had recently appeared. One wrote and published poetry with little expectation of a sale. But his next novel must be given a better break.

To all of which Guy listened with that bland, sweet smile of his; that intelligent, sympathetic smile which was calculated to temper the wrath of even the most aggrieved authors. And Bob was not really wrathful. He was merely grousing a bit. Even then he was sure of the quality of his work, and he knew that there were many potential readers for it if only they could be made aware of its existence. His first, semi-autobiographical, novel, "Peter Kindred" (1919), had been a dismal failure. He had not found himself in it; had found neither the style that was to be his, nor the ideas that were to recur again and again in many later novels. He had not yet come upon his individual vein of gentle melancholy and feather-light irony; an irony more gossamer than Anatole France's, but still revealing hints of France's influence. Yes, "Peter Kindred" must be set down as nothing but a failure. And his rambling satire, "Rombadille," remained (as it still does) in manuscript. But in "Autumn" he had found himself, definitely and richly. He had found his *genre*, become conscious of his approach to life, and displayed mastery of the manner that was to be characteristically his own.

It is a long time since I have sat in Broad's Chop House, and longer still since the night of which I speak. But I can still see Guy twinkling behind his glasses, and Bob's dark, sensitive Jewish face under his black hair—his prominent, finely cut nose, his brooding eyes, lightened often by gleams of silent laughter at the world or at himself, his thin, melancholy mouth and jutting jaw-line—, as he leaned forward across the checkered cloth and pleaded the cause of his books in that soft, gentle voice of his that sometimes sinks so low as to make listeners strain to catch his words. It was a long time ago, that night in 1922, and Bob was to wait many years before the appreciation of the judicious was to be supplemented by any considerable popularity among the general run of fiction readers. He was to move from one publisher to another, and then go on to a third; while sales figures of respectable size flitted always as a will-o'-the-wisp just beyond his reach. But the sales came at last, and with them the satisfaction that material success brings in a world of material values.

The literary virtues of Bob Nathan's novels are the product of his natural gifts and his assiduous cultivation of his art, but his popularity is a product of the Great Depression. Suddenly and unexpectedly, in 1933, this least timely of writers brought forth "One More Spring,"—a book which was exactly timed to touch the public's heart and ensnare its fancy. The depression was getting pretty boring as a subject of painful thought and solemn conversation. "One More Spring" opened a new avenue into the depression, and out the other side. In other words, it offered at once an artist's view of a current situation and his artistic escape from it; an escape conceived in terms of mellowed wisdom, quiet humor, gentle irony, and playful imagination. All these elements are present in all of Bob's novels, beginning with "Autumn," but the public responded to them only when they were brought to bear upon a subject which the public could recognize as identified with its own experience. I would add, besides, that Bob Nathan is something of an expert in the matter of depressions; for he has been nursing, and escaping from, his own private depression ever since he has been old enough to realize the measureless difference between life's fair promises and its rewards.

Here I tread on delicate ground, for Bob has assured me firmly and frequently that I do him an injustice when I say, as I once said, that he luxuriates in a sensuous melancholy and opens his arms wide and lov-

ROBERT NATHAN WHEN HE WROTE "YOUTH GROWS OLD"

ingly to sorrow. And, indeed, I think that I would do him an injustice if I said that now. But there was a time when the charge was true. The evidence may be found dispersed through his earlier novels, and in concentrated form in the verses that were collected in "Youth Grows Old," in 1923. Of the poet, he wrote on his first page:—

He lives on pain, and sells his utter
Grief for roses, bread, and butter

And later:—

Love is the first thing.
Love goes past.
Sorrow is the next thing,
Quiet is the last.

Love is a good thing,
Quiet isn't bad,
But sorrow is the best thing
I've ever had.

And again:—

I am no stranger in the house of pain,
I am familiar with its every part,
From the low stile, then up the crooked lane
To the dark doorway, intimate to my heart.
. . . . . .
So sorrow, does my knocking rouse you up?
Open the door, old mother; it is I.
Bring grief's good goblet out, the sad, sweet cup,
Fill it with wine of silence, strong and dry:
For I've a story to amuse your ears,
Of youth and hope, of middle age, and tears.

The literary evidence is plain to read, and those who knew Bob Nathan ten years or more ago must remember how he used to wear his melancholy like a brave badge upon his sleeve. The weight of youthful disillusionment was heavy upon him. He had discovered that summer follows spring, and winter autumn; that roses fade and friends depart; that faith is but a flickering candle in the dark, and beauty but a brittle toy. He was, it seemed to him, old before his time:—

Ah, love me, love me, for my youth is flying,
Age's old knuckles knock upon my heart. . . .

And he was making literary capital of his discoveries,—working the oldest metal known to poets. But his melancholy was philosophical, theoretical; and, for all his harping on the tears of things, he was an amiable and amusing companion, possessed of a whimsical humor, and given to sharp gusts of laughter. Perhaps his locked embrace with the lady of sorrows was too public a gesture to result in an enduring liaison. He would be saved, ultimately, from her lethal charms by his artistic vision, by his comic sense, by the gift for practical compromise which has distinguished his race for thousands of years, and by an ambition that could find satisfaction only in worldly success. His countenance might never lose its melancholy cast when in repose, but once he had found his footing among his peers, established his place, and made a name for himself, he would have less use for sorrow than he once had. He might even disclaim his old mistress utterly. And it is because I consider that action unworthy of a gentleman that I have done justice here to the lady of his youthful dreams. As an artist he owes her more than he is willing to admit.

During his school and college years, the potential artist is seldom happy; he is a sport, a queer duck among ducks who exhibit a robust and, to him, distressing regularity. Bob Nathan, at Exeter and Harvard, was no exception to the rule. And in his case the sensitivity of the artist was companioned by the sensitivity of the Jew. He was a target not merely for the sneers of the Philistine, but also for the petty insults of the anti-Semite. The descendant of the rabbi Gershom Seixas, who came to this country in 1710, and who was one of the incorporators of Columbia College; the nephew of Maud Nathan, who founded The Consumer's League, and of Annie Nathan Meyer, founder of Barnard College, might reasonably be proud of his ancestry and family. But that same ancestry kept him from being president of the Harvard *Monthly*.

He was confronted by the dual problem of the Jew who is an artist, who must win a place for himself in a community that is overwhelmingly non-Jewish. He has written frankly of his difficulties,—augmented by the fact that he could find no comfort in a tribal god. "It wasn't an easy place to find," he declares.

> My ancestors, despised and hated as they've been, in Spain, in Holland, in Germany, and before that perhaps in Rome itself, had had the comfort of faith. They had their God. A Jew without faith —without a Jewish God of his own— has very little in this world to console him. And I needed comfort, as everyone does who is hated or despised. In the matter of prejudice, I've had as much trouble as any one else—not only from Christians, because I was a Jew and a bad social risk, but from the good bourgeois Jews themselves, because I was a poet, an artist, a bohemian, and a bad business risk.

In these lines we are permitted to view, I think, the springs of many of Bob's actions. The artist can find expression and salvation only in his art; but Robert

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

Nathan was goaded to expression in other fields as well. What Irving Fineman has described as "the more practical corpuscles" in his blood demanded satisfaction. He was a bad social risk, was he? He would demonstrate the contrary. Hence his passionate interest in clubs and associations of all kinds when he first came upon the New York literary scene; hence his activity as a wholesale "joiner." When I first knew Bob, the sight of three men gathered together on a street corner was enough to make him suspect that a new club was in the process of formation, and to set him itching with the urge to fellowship. Not content with joining clubs already established, he founded one of his own,—The Poets. And such was his enthusiasm along these lines that he once persuaded me (who am totally lacking in the joining instinct) to apply for membership in an abortive group which vanished into thin air just after I had mailed a check to cover my initiation.

And a bad business risk? The "good bourgeois Jews" remained to be convinced that he was not; and he could never rest content until he had convinced them. Hence his interest in sales. He was determined to prove his worth in the eyes of folk who thought in figures. It was a need existing in an isolated compartment of his personality, a need quite apart from his need of artistic expression, but it was not to be denied. It was not to be denied, yet it must not be permitted to compromise his artistic integrity. And it was not allowed to do so. His art has not suffered from an ambition alien to art. Read the novels in due order—from "Autumn" (1921) to "One More Spring" (1933)—, and you will see that Robert Nathan has kept faith with himself in the consistent, undeviating cultivation and expression of his gifts.

Well, the good bourgeois Jews should be satisfied now. The sales figures of "One More Spring" should carry conviction. And when Bob's new novel, "Road of Ages," appears, it will be published as a Book-of-the-Month-Club choice.

Bob, too, has reason to be well content. At forty, his waist line is slowly gaining ground, and his once lean, ascetic face is no longer quite so lean as it was in the days when his most intimate friends affectionately dubbed him "The Jewish Hamlet." His fencing foils are never taken down now, nor does he often display on the tennis court that graceful form of which he was a trifle vain. His cello playing is a thing of the past, for, as he says, the professional accomplishments of his cellist wife, Nancy Wilson, make his own amateur struggles with the instrument at once superfluous and eminently unsatisfactory. You would be hard put to it, I think, to get him on skiis these days; but he is toying with the idea of going in for sailing in a serious way. His old liaison with sorrow is a scandal that he does not care to mention; and his passion for "joining" is a passion outworn. Life is, I imagine, a far more satisfactory affair than he once expected it to prove. His precocious affectation of maturity has given place to a genuine maturity, to a real mellowness of thought and feeling. He has never written better than he is writing now. He has found his place, in life and in literature. And he is only forty.

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The BOWLING GREEN

VI. The Canal

WE also had Friday forenoon to ramble in Cristobal and Colon. This is the real thing in humidity, I said to myself; but thinking about it afterward I am convinced that I have felt just as heavy tepid air in the Seventh Avenue subway. The traveller likes to persuade himself how different things are going to be; but perhaps everything is always the same everywhere. We thought the weather was very odd in Lima; but the day we got back to New York was perfectly Peruvian in temper. The vehement contrasts of New York's climate are a useful preparation for the explorer; nothing in the way of weather really startles him.

And it is not always the things that are different that startle the stranger; sometimes it is the things that, surprisingly, are almost the same. I think perhaps I was most pleased by the morning train on the Panama Railroad, pulling out to cross the Isthmus. It was such an orderly and accustomed-looking Northamerican train; it might well have been the 8:47 A.M. from Roslyn to Penn Station, the observation Pullman *Ancon* taking the place of the two club cars in which our Long Island nabobs ride. I suppose the man in blue overalls in the open door of the baggage car is quite calm about his glimpses of tropical jungle. He leaves Colon every morning at 9:25 and arrives Panama City at 11. The fare is $2.40; a chair in the observation car is 50 cents extra. The train is well filled; a flutter of white shirtsleeves at every open window.

Were there showers that morning? If so I don't remember them. The family, who went strolling with Dorothy P. (a lifelong resident of the Zone), say there were, but that Mrs. P. had a special way of walking that prevented one from getting wet; perhaps a sort of graceful epicycloid curve along the arc of the rainfall. If it did rain, it was always just the other side of the street; or sheltering arcades were handy. I remember masses of cotton-wool cloud, and a delicious cool breeze moving through moist indolent warmth; a pervasion of languor and idleness. But I don't speak in any mood of envy: our friends in Panama never get the kind of exquisite day in which I now write, the cool and many-colored sweetness of Long Island October.

Cristobal, you understand, is the official port, with docks and coaling station and Post Office and barracks and Commissary, part of the Canal Zone; Colon is the native city, in the Republic of Panama. Cristobal, despite palm trees and parrakeets, is mostly Northamerican; as the children said, it is only semi-Colon. To cross the street from one to the other is to step into a different world, a different notion of life altogether. I symbolized it for myself by copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*—which are precious reading matter in Cristobal, but in the market of Colon are used to wrap up fish. Don't miss the market, a brilliant kaleidoscope of vegetable colors, a bewildering assortment of fruits, peppers, roots of all shapes. You'll hanker for a pencil able to sketch innumerable oddities of complexion, feature, and costume. One dark old crone, with a red kerchief and smoking a cigar, was absorbed in arranging her sales display—a pattern of little piles, each consisting of a lettuce leaf, a slice of melon, a sprig of some sort of parsley.

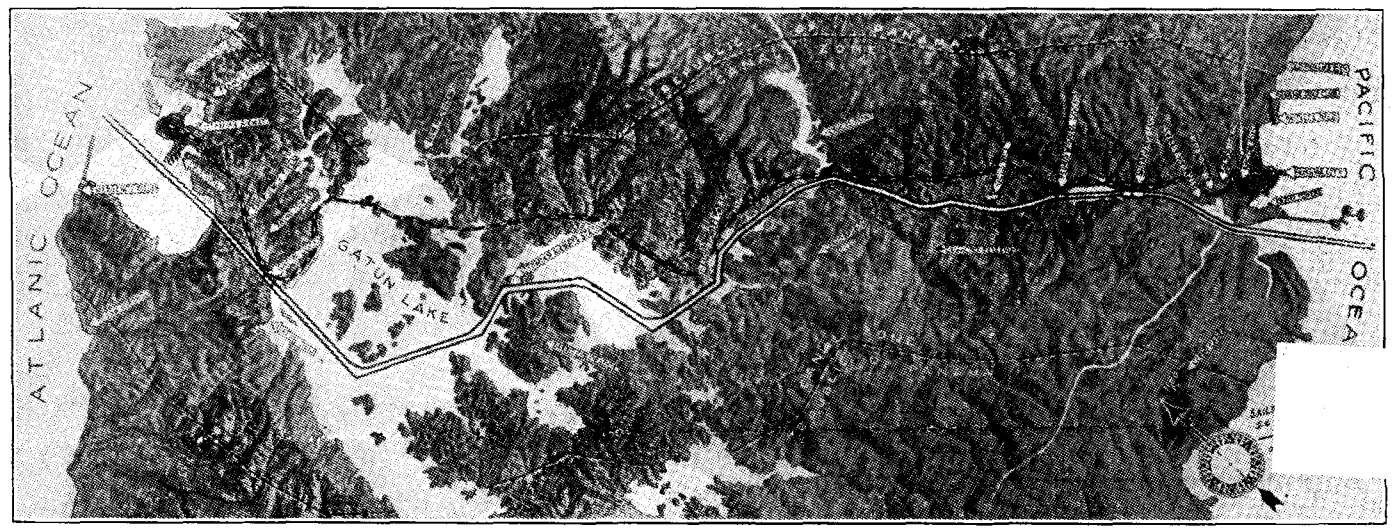
So, for a couple of enchanting hours, I just idle about. The open carriages with big umbrellas and a musical two-toned gong amble gently by—on the left hand side, as is Panama's road-rule. It is said that the left hand convention was due to the vast number of negroes from Jamaica who worked in digging the Canal. They were used to the left-hand rule, and it was easier to adopt their habit than to teach them to change. Street traffic moves with comforting slowness. Time suddenly retards to a more lenient pulse. I notice that at the *relojero's* shop the wooden sign-board, facsimile of a watch, is painted at perpetual 8:18. It must be meant for p.m., not a.m. I don't imagine a Panama watchmaker open for business so early. At the newsdealers' I see a magazine prominently displayed—*Todamerica: La Revista para la giente que piensa*—but alas, I reflect, no magazine can get on with as small a circulation as that. It's the May number, still waiting for its thinker at the end of July.

There are wonderful groggeries for sailors and soldiers. I follow some of Uncle Sam's orange-colored army shoes with box toes along the Avenida Bolivar. Around a corner I come suddenly upon the ship's doctor buying one of the innumerable lottery tickets which are displayed everywhere. He looks a little sheepish; and I also, for I had just been reproaching the children for spending their pocket money on such unlikely odds. But then I learn that a friend of a friend of a passenger once won two thousand dollars. It's only ten in the morning, but a glass of beer tastes very good. The bars are typical of seaport towns. I was sorry to see one called Moulin Rouge, which is surely an imitative and outworn name. If it had been the Pizarro or the Sir Henry Morgan or the James Bryce I'd have gone in for another beer. In the Moulin Rouge I see (from the street) a surprising painting of an old church legend: a knight out hunting in a forest on a white horse; he sees a stag with a sacred nimbus behind the horns. In the Lighthouse Bar an elderly bearded gentleman was sitting very placid reading a Spanish book.

Most of the tourists keep along Front Street, where the souvenir shops are. Perhaps it's as well: the Avenida Amador Guerrero, a little further over, probably has some justification for its name. But what a vista for a painter's eye: the long perspective of rickety arcades in soft plaster tones of green, yellow, blue, fawn, and pink. Down the middle is a ragged plot of coarse baked grass, and shirts spread to sun. There are movie posters in honor of Anna Sten. The picture is TORMENTOS DE PASIÓN, and Colon is told that Fräulein Sten is *La seductora mujer de cara de ángel y corazón de hiena.* The steamship folders always hasten to tell the tourist that Colon was "once one of the world's wickedest cities." Just what they mean by that I don't know; but I'll grant you that when first seen in a black rainy night the narrow side alleys look very uncertain. But just what calculus is there for graduating the comparative wickedness of cities? Colon probably stands aghast at the imagined depravity of Hollywood. Meditating this I see a notice that the Theosophical Society, Panama Branch, is to hold two public lectures. C. Jinarajadasa, M. A. Cantab., will speak on The Destiny of the Latin Peoples and The Future of Brotherhood. As one who has also made occasional public palaver I feel a fraternal and professional kindness toward Mr. Jinarajadasa. I find myself wondering what college he attended at Cambridge, whether he knew Lowes Dickinson, and how the Theosophical Society pays the expenses of its traveling mahatmas?

* *

It's getting near sailing time, I loaf back toward the ship. Perhaps Friday is payday in the Canal Zone, for long lines of colored employees are lined up at the grocery counters in the Commissary Store. The Zone makes sharp Jim Crow distinctions: there are different windows at the Post Office for the two races, and I noticed on the Canal locks the drinking-fountains had two little porcelain basins—one white, the other chocolate-colored. The big negro on Front Street is patrolling to sell his tall conical hats of cocoanut fibre; another is offering baskets of lilies; the brightly repainted taxis are touting for trade; but Colon has learned that the *Santa Maria's* crowd are not lavish spenders. "What you say, Big Boss?" comes automatically from the white-garbed merchants along the Arcade, but it sounds less hope than habit. But the *Mauretania* will be in tomorrow with several hundred tourists, and things will look up then. Past the handsome steamship offices with their palms and hibiscus, past the old whitewashed Spanish anchor which has gone to ground for good outside the Post Office; past the boathouse where the smart official launches are tied up, down to the docks again. More ships have come in; the *Peten* of the United Fruit Company among them. She took Ambassador Sumner Welles to Havana at a critical moment in Cuban history. Every one of these Caribbean and South American steamers is as full of stories as a volume of O. Henry. I hope they all carry a copy of *Cabbages and Kings.*



There is still a little time to idle along the shore, in the instinctive desire to make the place real to oneself. You will notice the big metal disks on the hawsers of all the ships, to prevent rats climbing aboard. Across a grassy strip, opposite the piers, is a rocky sea-wall from which one looks across to the Hotel Washington and the residential section of Cristobal on the further beach. By a railway siding is a workshed and a big fire of rubbish, driftwood, and old sleepers. A bonfire burning in that tropic sunlight has an air of strangeness; one associates open bonfires with colder air. The blaze gives off a shimmer and quavering of tense vibration. Across the bay the palms and bungalows tremble slightly in a blue as pure as alcohol flame.

Santa Maria was already under way when one of the official launches came speeding alongside with one of our passengers. We chaffed Mr. O., a mining engineer returning to Chile, for he's a veteran on this run and too experienced a traveller to be late for the gangplank. He explained that as he came toward the pier he met the Port Captain, who had kept him for a few minutes' chat and promised to get him aboard regardless. They had not seen or heard of each other in forty years, since they were classmates in a country high school—somewhere in Ohio, I think he said.

* *

I think I have lingered over these small things because I'm scared of any attempt to describe the Canal itself. It is no theme for tall talk. There's an interesting illustration showing how much more effective is simple workman's prose. Compare with Bryce's chapter a poem written about the same time by a first-rate poet. Stephen Phillips, who has done work of genius, essayed the Isthmian theme. (See *Panama and Other Poems,* John Lane, 1915.) I have long preserved it as a dark example. Apparently Phillips feared that the Canal tolls were not going to be fair all around. He begins: Palter not, sons of Washington, for gold . . . and continues:—

Ye marry sea to sea, and tide to tide,
Atlantic bridegroom to Pacific bride;
"What God hath joined, let not man put asunder!"
Thus saith the Church in ritual of thunder. . . .
Nor e'er did mind give matter such a fall,
In wrestle that might hand and brain appal. . . .
Chagres by Dam stupendous of Gatun,
Transforms its valley to a lake immune. . . .

It is better to stop here. A poet can slide as badly as the hillside at Culebra.

In the Canal there is none of that odd Proustian feeling the traveller occasionally experiences in strange scenes: the wish that this were over and safely in the past so that we can own it, make it ours, find some secure meaning in it. Going through the Canal is pure experience; the mind cannot deform it with double meanings or meditated afterthoughts. Perhaps the sharpest memory is the luxurious lunch served on deck as you skim steadily across Chagres Lake. Tomato juice, jellied consommé, cold meats and devilled egg salad, peach sherbet and almond layer cake. Sir Henry Morgan, who sweated and scrambled through a valley now drowned a hundred feet below your keel, what would he have said to that? A tough fellow, I have no doubt; we put down a cold gin-and-ginger to his memory. Overhead buzz the planes of the Isthmian airway, the midday train from Panama City screams in the distance, the warm greenhouse smell of the jungle blows across the deck, and oldtimers will tell you that now, while we're in the lake, is a grand chance to go below and get a fresh water bath.

You can cross the isthmus in 30 minutes by plane, in 90 minutes by rail, but why not stay aboard ship and really see it? The 44 miles of waterway take between seven and eight hours. It is infinitely more beautiful than I had ever supposed; the unparalleled hideousness of most of the picture postcards gives a wholly false idea. The Canal, except in the locks, no longer seems an artificial cutting but a natural stream. After the first stretch to Gatun it is not a straight and narrow ditch but first a broad enchanting lake of islands (the old bristle of dead trees has mostly disappeared) and then a green winding river with grassy shores and rising cliffs. Butterflies hover across the bow, birds chant in the underbrush a few yards away, a crocodile slips into the stream from a muddy shelf, a waterfall spumes down a rocky slide. After days of salt that muggy earthen savor is sweet to breathe. Untouched jungle is only a stone's throw away, and as the ship bends through the narrow strait round Barro Colorado (which sound so lovely and means Red Mud) you open new vistas of hill and tanglewood. The hills are not high; Cerro Balboa, where the wild surmise of the Pacific probably was had, is about 1150 feet; but they are abrupt and picturesquely bumpy. The sonnet was perfectly justified in calling them peaks.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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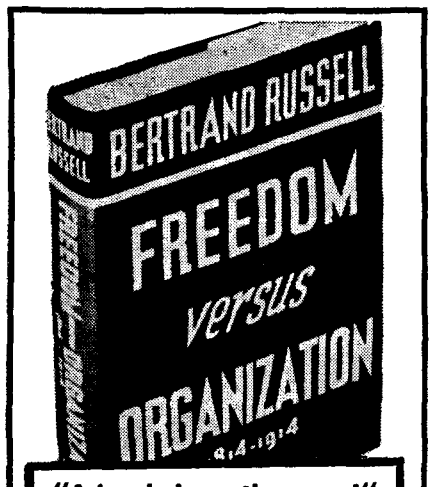

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Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

"RÉVOLUTIONS du XXe Siècle" (Paris: Payot), by Pierre Lucius, is the work of a Right Wing Frenchman and is colored accordingly, not only in his discussion of conditions in his own country, but also in his exposition of foreign developments. Nevertheless, his is a remarkably succinct and usefully compact account of those changes in the financial, political, and social life of the leading world powers, which he designates as "revolutions of the twentieth century." Not all of these changes can be described as "revolutions," in the conventional sense of that term, but M. Lucius has no difficulty in showing that, even where there has been no ostensible change of régime, as in France, England, and the United States, the overturn of nineteenth century policies has been revolutionary.

His fundamental thesis is that liberal capitalism is dangerous, outmoded, and on trial for its life. In some countries its death sentence has been pronounced; in others the trial proceedings continue. "Russia, Italy, Germany have achieved their intellectual, moral, political, and social revolution." As a Frenchman, he thinks it is high time that France, too, squarely faced the issue, and with England and the United States held up as more or less warning examples of similar indecision, he concludes his book with suggestions for a solution to the particular problems of his own country. These are, in essence, so vague that almost any political party might pretend to indorse them. What is of more interest to American readers is his analysis of conditions in the various leading countries, especially the United States, which is more severely criticized, in a certain sense, than any except France.

I say in a "certain sense," because the author has naturally no great affection for communism, Hitlerism, or fascism, but he is fiercely opposed to those forms of liberal capitalism and parliamentary democracy of which France and the United States are the exponents. "The revolt against parliamentarianism is the feature common to the Russian, German, and Italian revolutions," he writes, and after discussing the various concepts of the state in those three countries, he concludes, none the less, that none of them would suit France. "Our country aspires to a political régime where personal power, responsible therefore absolute in its sphere, is limited by the liberties granted to natural associations, so that everyone is in his place and divided functions are an obstacle in the way of tyranny." This sentence is typical of that vagueness to which I have referred, since the absolutist regimes to which M. Lucius objects contend that there is no tyranny and that they have so organized and regimented their peoples that every man, woman, and child is in the right place.

In the five chapters devoted to President Roosevelt and the New Deal, M. Lucius outlines briefly and lucidly the conditions with which the President was confronted and the measures taken to meet them. Our French critic is far from being impressed favorably by the efforts of the present administration, but he denies the charge that they are "revolutionary," as every European must, who considers the immensely more radical methods of taxation and control which are—and were, even before the war—the commonplaces of social legislation in modern countries. He credits the President with the desire, which is obvious to all the world, except his party opponents, to preserve the American system of capitalist democracy. He also recognizes the impossibility of just standing by and doing nothing, trusting to Big Business to muddle out of the mess into which it had plunged the country. It cannot be said that M. Lucius shares any of our Republican hysteria, and his tribute to the superior culture and integrity of President Roosevelt will be applauded by all but the profiteers and their henchmen.

The quarrel of M. Lucius with the present administration is more fundamental than most of what passes for criticism of the New Deal over here. M. Lucius attempts to prove that this is the first really serious crisis which the United States has had to face, the first which has confronted all intelligent men with the inescapable fact that the era of indefinite expansion, of a maximum return for a minimum effort, of the success story myth, is over. The country is now part of a world economic system and the virtues of the legendary pioneers are no longer wanted and, in fact, do not exist in the changed circumstances of the twentieth century. "While the United States was involved for the first time in its history with grave difficulties, the incapacity of the industrial and financial leaders, the venality of politicians and officials, were revealed to the whole world." It is the power of the President to cope in so short a time with the evils uncovered which makes M. Lucius dubious of the outcome of the New Deal. Its fundamental weakness is that, whatever amelioration may be achieved here and there, the hostility of capital to organized labor has been exacerbated.

M. Lucius does not think that the leaders of industry and commerce will submit to the successful rise of nationwide trade unionism, that here lies a deepseated economic conflict, which can always be disguised as a struggle for the celebrated rights of private enterprise, rugged individualism, the pioneering spirit, and so forth and so on. This mental lag in American social and industrial relationships is, of course, a hangover from that eighteenth century ideology which is still the stock-in-trade of the leaders of finance, industry, and politics, hundreds of years—in terms of historical evolution, as distinct from chronology—after the period of its application has been dead. How much of that ideology the eighteenth century owed to France is too obvious to be stressed, and none were more indebted to it than the Founders of the United States. And it is at this point that the criticism of France by M. Lucius comes to reinforce his criticism of the United States.

The French Revolution witnessed the rise to power of the monied middle classes, but for a time something of the framework of a stable, social hierarchy survived, until the Napoleonic wars. "During the entire nineteenth century the middle classes endeavored to consolidate their power. But their traditions of insubordination, their ignorance of their social duties, made it impossible to establish a stable order, in spite of the general increase in wealth and the improvement in the material conditions of every class in the community." Out of the contrast between the principles of equality which "they proclaimed and the real inequalities which they tolerated, was to arise an increasing anarchy, which was to express itself in the class struggle systematized by Marx." France, in other words, being an older country than the United States, went more rapidly through the various stages of change and disillusionment following the high-sounding principles of the Revolution. Can America, also inspired by eighteenth century phrases, avoid this fate?

Not, M. Lucius insists, so long as this or any other country continues to leave its destinies to the mercy of men whose sole motive is profit and who naturally have the statesmen and politicians who share their views and facilitate their objectives. Without being by any means a Marxist, M. Lucius looks with thoroughly Marxian disgust at the records of more than a century of bourgeois government. It is disgust with the bourgeoisie, in one or other or all of its manifestations, which has provoked the twentieth century revolutions of different kinds, which are the subject of M. Lucius's book. In those countries where no decisive step has been made, both his comments on Russia, Germany, and Italy, and on France, England, and the United States, deserve attention. His concrete proposals are too vague, but his powers of exposition and analysis are worthy of his country's tradition for learning combined with lucidity.

The War in Austria

WEDER KAISER NOCH KÖNIG. By Bruno Brehm. Berlin: Piper. 1934.

BRUNO BREHM, with this novel, reaches the end of his monumental trilogy in which he attempts to describe the war and its consequences from the point of view of Austria-Hungary. He keeps very closely as a rule to his facts, and this concluding volume is no exception. Starting from the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph, he takes us through all the chief scenes of the collapse of the Hapsburg Empire, until the pathetic Emperor Charles, "neither emperor nor king," incapable of withstanding the forces of disintegration, is escorted with his wife to an English gunboat and goes into exile. Except for the dialogue—and perhaps not all of that—there is little invention here, but as a veracious chronicle novel this work is worth noting.

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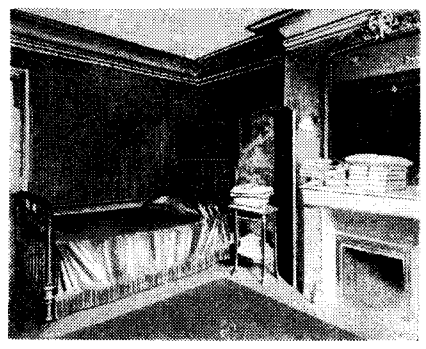
Distinguished critics the world over agree that *Remembrance of Things Past* is "life magically transmuted into art." They say: "It is a work so cool, so calm and so pure that its artistic perfection is never disturbed by anything." Without apparent effort, and in a prose so smooth and lovely and perfect that it often takes your breath away, Marcel Proust achieves in the pages of *Remembrance of Things Past* the very qualities which we seek in life itself: *charm, order, peace.* His novel is like a symphony played softly in a vast stadium. The music reaches back into our past and suffuses with color and meaning the little dull facts of our days and nights. It helps us recall the past with pleasure.



Proust's Room at Combray

MARCEL PROUST'S great life-work, like W. H. Hudson's autobiography *Far Away and Long Ago*, is based on the theory that the quality of a direct experience always eludes one and that only in recollection can we grasp its real flavor. Somewhere in *Within a Budding Grove* Marcel Proust observes: "It is our noticing them that puts things in a room, our growing used to them that takes them away again and clears a space for us." This delight of his in simple objects and sensations in retrospect is one of the real and vital enjoyments offered by Marcel Proust. *Havelock Ellis* says about him: "He has experienced clearly what others have felt dimly or not at all." Another brilliant critic, *Paul Rosenfeld*, says: "Underneath sensations of beauty and spasms of love, underneath dreams and fancies and illusions, he saw the hidden force of life."

What is this vast novel about? *Burton Rascoe*, famous critic and author of *Titans of Literature*, sums it up this way: "A fascinating and enthralling world, peopled by strange, fascinating, amusing and monstrous people . . . a new *Arabian Nights*, in which the characters are not Orientals but descendants of those idle and vicious nobles of the court of Louis XIV . . . As sheer entertainment there is probably no more absorbing reading in literature."

Joseph Wood Krutch, in his introduction to the Random House edition, offers this brief retelling of the story for the intending reader:

"The whole is cast into the form of an autobiography in which, nevertheless, the narrator himself plays a role not very much larger than that of certain other characters. It begins with his account of how he was accustomed to spend his sleepless nights in an effort to recapture the elusive memory of certain events in his childhood and it describes what some of these fragmentary memories were. Presently it tells how one of them was suddenly recaptured in its entirety when the taste of a little cake brought back a certain instance in childhood connected with the same taste and then, abandoning this incident until the last volume of the whole work, the narrator launches into the recollections of his youth. Gradually the tragic story of a certain Mr. Swann detaches itself and the history of his jealousy-wrecked life is told in full.

"MEANWHILE the narrator has been growing up. He moves in aristocratic circles and becomes absorbed in the study of manners and their meaning. He falls in love, first with a whole group of girls, then, in succession, with two individuals in whose company he goes through strange emotional adventures. Meanwhile he meets many other persons whose lives cross his in one way or another and in particular he falls under the influence of the powerful M. Charlus whose greatness and final downfall constitute perhaps the most impressive of all the single stories. Presently the social organization whose traditions he has been studying with such care disintegrates; he himself falls deeper and deeper into his illness and suddenly we realize that we are back again where we started. The author is ready to begin the writing of his book and we learn at last the real significance of the little cake. Through an extraordinary series of psychological adventures the past has been recaptured—not merely remembered but totally recalled and become, in the process, Art. The narrator no longer cares to live. He *has* lived and, what is more, he has grasped (and recorded) in its entirety the experience of living."

THE TRANSLATION

is the famous Scott-Moncrieff—Frederick Blossom text, completed last winter. *Burton Rascoe* says: "Even if one reads French

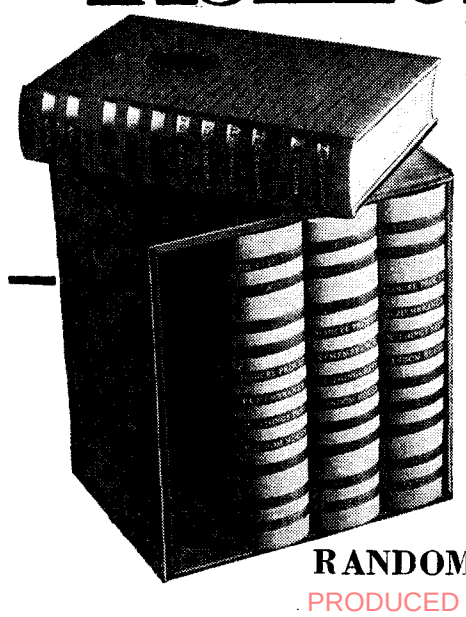
The Guermantes Country

easily, it is best not to read him in the original, but in the superb transfusion into English made of *Remembrance of Things Past* by the late C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. In Scott Moncrieff's translation Proust reads better than he does in French, as Proust himself realized. A bilingual French man of letters, familiar with English through studies at Oxford and Harvard, told me that it may be necessary to retranslate Proust from Scott-Moncrieff's English version back into French to secure for Proust the audience which the intrinsic *entertainment* value of his work possesses. After the death of Scott-Moncrieff, the final volume of the long work, entitled in English *The Past Recaptured* . . . was intrusted to Dr. Frederick Blossom with very happy results. It is an excellent translation."

* * *

Remembrance of Things Past is the general title given to the seven novels which Proust completed during his lifetime. They are *Swann's Way, Within a Budding Grove, The Guermantes Way, Cities of the Plain, The Captive, The Sweet Cheat Gone,* and *The Past Recaptured.* For the first time they are made available in a single compact set of four volumes, published by Random House. It is easily the most beautiful production of this House since the Rockwell Kent *Candide.* It is obvious that, in this form, *Remembrance of Things Past* will form a necessary addition to any library that attempts to include the major works of literature of this or any time.

Remembrance of Things Past



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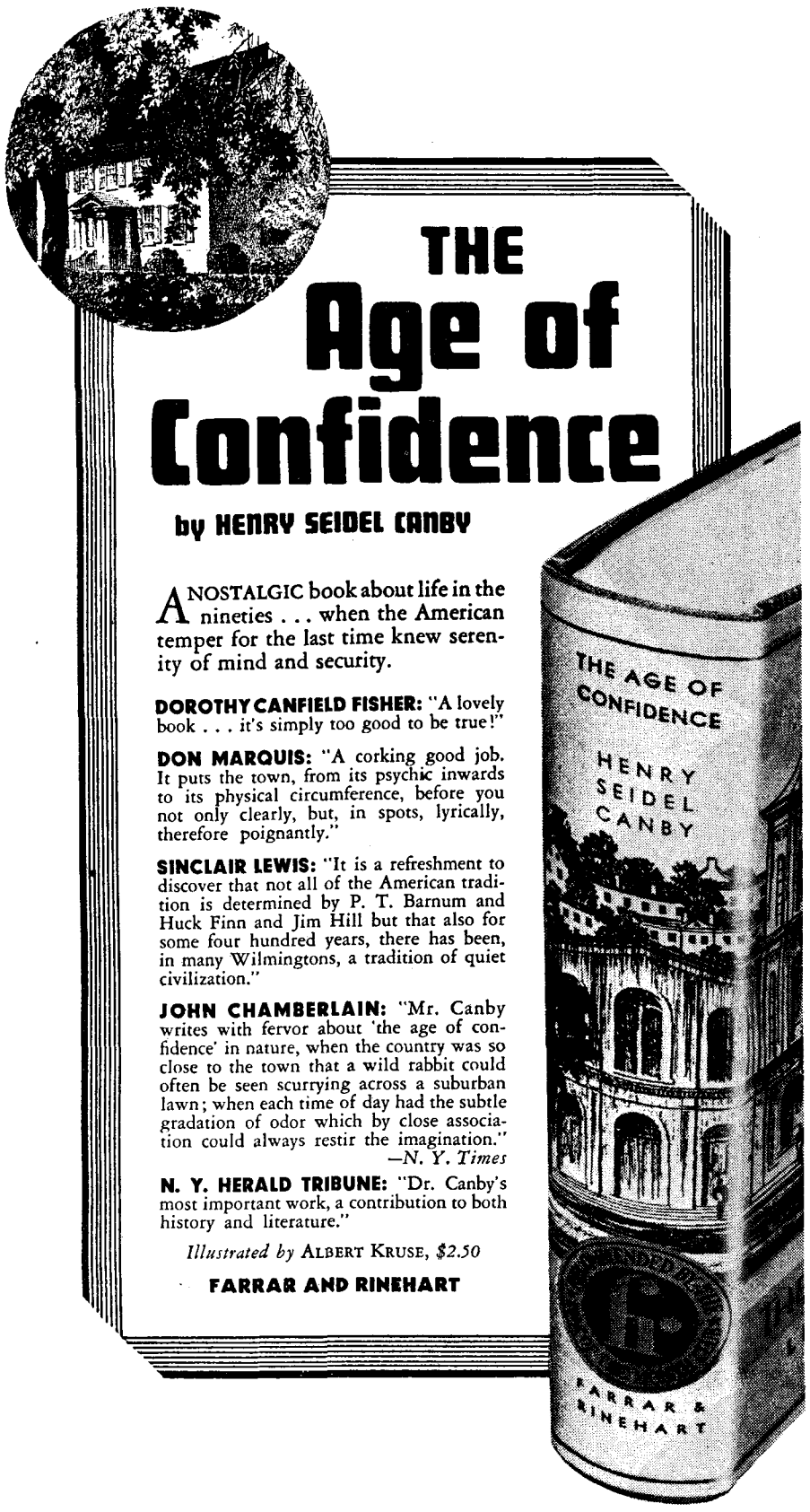
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"Inspiring, significant! There is a tremendous gusto in the man, and a sense of poetry which is far more vital than most of the over-cultivated verse to which we have given so much attention." —Louis Untermeyer.
Published by Dutton $3
Jesse Stuart

The New Books

Biography

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WRITERS. By Virginia Moore. Dutton. 1934. $3.

In this book Miss Virginia Moore, herself a poet of reputation, presents sixteen short studies of women who have achieved renown as authors. Her choice of the word "distinguished" in her title is accurate and honest: not all of her subjects deserve to be called "great" yet each produced work above the level of mediocrity. In her presentation of them, Miss Moore has soundly evaluated their contribution to literature, awarding her praise and her censure with unprejudiced taste.

The list of Miss Moore's heroinès begins with the first of lyric poets: Sappho of Lesbos. It includes Madame de Sévigné, Dorothy Wordsworth, Christina Rossetti, George Sand, George Eliot, Emily Brontë, Charlotte Brontë, Saint Teresa, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Marie Bashkirtseff, Charlotte Mew, Alice Meynell, Emily Dickinson, Katherine Mansfield, and Elinor Wylie. The sketches reveal biographical research and critical judgment. They are somewhat superficial in both respects, owing very probably to their brevity, but they succeed admirably as concise estimates and interpretations of a group of women who had very little in common beyond their unanimous choice of literature as a medium of self-expression.

The authors most nearly contemporaneous with Miss Moore herself are those whom she has rendered best. Elinor Wylie, Katherine Mansfield, Alice Meynell, and the little-known Charlotte Mew are treated with singular perception. The study of Emily Dickinson is also among the best, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning is analyzed with a fairness neatly midway between the hysterical approval of her own century and the sour denunciation of ours. Miss Moore has succeeded less well with the earlier ladies and least well with Sappho. These sections of her book, though competent and astute, are comparatively uninspired and reveal little that is new either in biographical detail or in interpretation.

Not the least virtue of Miss Moore's book is the care which has so obviously gone into the selection of quotations. These excerpts from the authors whom she considers do much to make the volume what it is: a stimulating collection of literary portraits.

F. S. C.

Fiction

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST. By Bernadette Murphy. Putnams. 1934. $2.

Deliberately in her treatment of the main theme, and perhaps less consciously in other ways, the author of "An Unexpected Guest" has used sharply contrasting personalities, environments, and even periods of time, in order to point the emotional effectiveness of her novel. Her heroine, Olivia, is a completely artificial person, and no doubt rather a tiresome one as well, devoted to London life, to entertaining, and being bored. But she is also, in the middle section of Miss Murphy's book, a child brought up in Ireland and involved in tragedy while observed by her own mature self. Thus, using a trick more often employed in the films than in fiction, Olivia grown up is set off against the sensitive child, Libby, sophisticated London against the Irish countryside, Olivia's friends against a group of picturesque and endearing Irish relatives, and the emptiness of her London career against the poignant family situation which leads to her brother's death.

Out of these materials, which are in the main adroitly handled, Miss Murphy has constructed an interesting, and at least in its Irish section, a moving book. It is not particularly conclusive as to Olivia, who looks on at the events of her childhood and does precisely nothing about them, but it does present a number of unusually charming fantastic pictures, and is likely to please once the handicap of the author's extremely ornate and affected style has been overcome. The disadvantages of this way of writing are more clearly visible in the opening portion of the book than elsewhere: the reader who perseveres with the Irish chapters will not regret it.

T. P., JR.

WILD STRAWBERRIES. By Angela Thirkell. Smith & Haas. 1934. $2.

GLORY JAM. By Caroline Seaford. Minton, Balch. 1934. $2.

BUSINESS HOURS. By Hugh P. McGraw. Coward-McCann. 1934. $2.

Of these three English farce novels, one is recommended as the work of a new Wodehouse, and another as even better. Mrs. Thirkell, the only one of the three authors who was unaccountably passed over for this distinction, is perhaps less undeserving of it than the others. Nothing much happens in "Wild Strawberries," and the atmosphere, despite modern manners and references to war casualties, is more of 1911 than of 1934; but this story of country-house life assembles a band of amiable imbeciles whose dialogue is usually amusing even though nothing comes of it. Most amusing of the lot, if you happen to be hard-boiled, is old Lady Emily; but there are those who cannot regard the muzzy-mindedness of the aged and infirm as particularly funny.

"Glory Jam" is the name of a vile-sounding but apparently fast-selling preparation manufactured by a young archeologist whose family had to turn its country house into a tea room. Miss Caroline Seaford has a healthy distaste for fake medievalism, in art or in religion; but her humor reaches its apex in characters who say "octopus conflict" for "Œdipus complex" and "pervert" for "convert." The publishers offer fifty dollars to the woman who writes the best short essay analyzing and criticizing the heroine's technique in getting her man; a more insoluble problem is why she wanted him.

Mr. Hugh McGraw, weighted down by the millstone of that better-than-Wodehouse comparison, is a very fair humorous reporter in his own right and his own way, which is not Wodehouse's way. "Business Hours" would have been a really entertaining book if the author had condescended to put anything so old-fashioned as a story into it; and even though it never comes to a point, there are a good many snickers in this account of life in the office of a great electrical-goods factory. It is, or was, apparently the life of Riley; men in the office spend most of their working hours getting drunk at lunch, and their evenings fornicating with the stenographers or anybody else who happens to be willing. How do they get away with it? Well, it seems that the English electrical industry, before the depression, had a trade association which passed around the orders, so that nobody needed either to do anything or to know anything; enemies

(Continued on next page)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH WEARS A PURPLE SHIRT *R. C. Woodthorpe* (Crime Club: $2.)	Big shot of Hitleresque British organization killed; Nicholas Slade, novelist, to save suspected nephew, takes the trail.	Humor, gobs of plot, engaging background, gorgeous characterization, clever amateur sleuthing. Everything you could ask for.	A Joy Forever!
THE MAN WITH BATED BREATH *Joseph Baker Carr* (Viking: $2.)	Mass murders in sinister mansion greatly perturb portly Oceola Archer.	The killings are crazy, but the explanation is crazier.	Oof!
MURDER IN THE STACKS *Marion Boyd* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $2.)	Librarian in mid-west college slain among books. Without benefit of cops young professor nails murderer.	Devious goings on in faculty and student body capitally described with suspense element compellingly stressed.	Good

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of the New Deal, accordingly, might find this a handy textbook on the demoralizing effects of a planned economy. It is Mr. McGraw's first novel, and he is certainly worth watching.

But if Wodehouse is what you want, buy the old original blown-in-the-glass Wodehouse, none genuine without this label. E. D.

THE NAKED TRUTH. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by Arthur and Henrie Mayne. Dutton. 1934. $3.

Not a great deal of the peculiar quality of Pirandello's plays gets into these short stories, although one of them, which gives the book its title, echoes humorously a theme used romantically in another Italian playwright's work, Casella's "Death Takes a Holiday." One or two are slight sketches which "might have been written by anybody," and several are realistic pictures of peasant superstition and cruelty to children. Those who associate Pirandello only with the ingenious juggling between reality and fantasy found in his plays will be surprised at the bitter irony of some of these latter stories—he writes with the earnestness and anger of some outraged settlement-house worker.

The most successful of the tales, perhaps, are those in which he urbanely plays with an idea for the fun of playing with it—"The Rivers of Lapland" for instance. The spokesman here has discovered that the secret of not being driven distraught by life's little worries lies in the ability to convince one's self of "the certainty of life elsewhere, far off and different." When occasion requires, you introduce this vision to counteract the present reality. To save time and energy, the gentleman has assigned to each of his four children and to his wife a part of the world, about which he promptly starts thinking the moment they get on his nerves. His wife, for instance, is Lapland, and scarcely has she begun to ask him for something which he can't give her when he is already in the Gulf of Bothnia. "Umea, Lulea, Pitea, Skelleftea. . . ."

"What *are* you saying?"

> "Nothing, my dear, nothing—just the rivers of Lapland. . . . There they are, and neither you nor I can deny that at this precise moment they're flowing into the Gulf of Bothnia. And, my dear, if you could see, as I see, the dreariness of some of the willow and the birch trees . . ."

—and so on. It is a quaint idea, and the literary involutions with which it is developed are worthy of the composer of "Six Characters in search of an Author."
A. R.

Travel

THE JUNGLE IN SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW. By F. W. Champion. Scribners. 1934. $7.50.

Mr. Champion belongs to that ever increasing group who do their hunting with a camera. He has been particularly fortunately situated to carry on his photographic researches in that his position as an officer in the Indian Forest Service has provided him with every facility for work in the jungle. He is, moreover, a trained and accurate observer, possessing the ability to write most interestingly of what he sees and deduces. His book amply attests both to his opportunities and his powers.

Like most of those that specialize in animal photography, Mr. Champion is inclined to be scornful of those that hunt with a rifle. Most of us have enough of the inheritance of our primitive ancestors left in us to find in the latter form of pursuing game something that is lacking in hunting with a camera. Yet how fascinating this less dangerous sport may be is evident from Mr. Champion's volume. Drawing on his vast wealth of personal experiences and on well authenticated accounts of his friends and companions, he presents a mass of facts and theories of absorbing interest to the layman as well as to the naturalist. From personal experiences with jungle inhabitants, ranging in size and importance from the elephant and tiger to the ratel and that curious survival, the pangolin, he turns to jungle traditions that have long been subjects of debate. Thus he debates whether tigers or other wild creatures possess a sixth sense, whether the jackal acts as the tiger's mate, whether wild dogs drive away all other game, what happens to dead wild elephants, and a host of other such riddles, having in each case much of interest to report on both sides.

The photographs, to be appreciated, must be seen. K. R.

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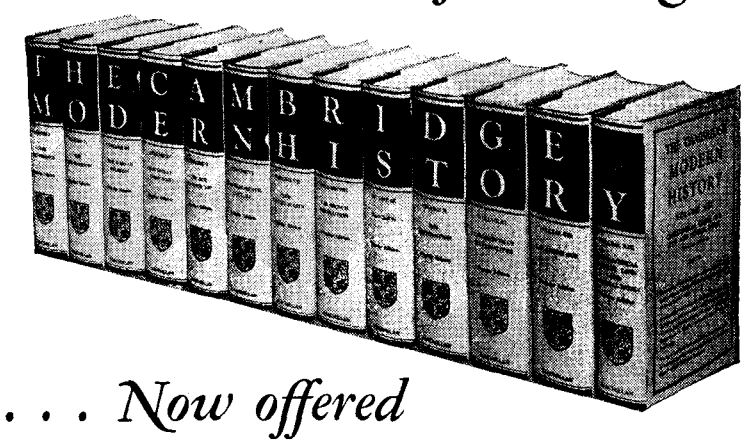

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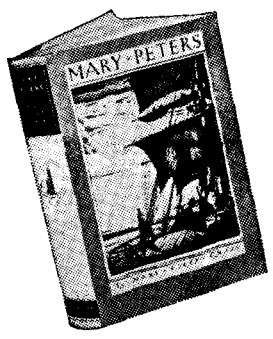

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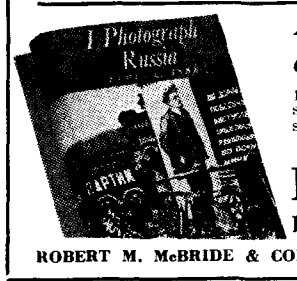

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THE COURTS OF MEMORY

E. B. R. of Monmouth, Ill., wishes to get on the track of a book by Madame Hegermann Lindencrone, which she recalls as having been a publication of Charles Scribner's Sons, and which she thinks is now out of print. It is the volume by the author in which she describes her American girlhood and her later experiences in France.

THIS is undoubtedly "The Courts of Memory," issued, if I am not mistaken, in 1913, by Harpers, not Scribners. The date of its appearance is stamped on my memory because it was one of the books which kind friends sent to the steamer that carried me off that year to a winter in Europe, and one of the books that my travelling companions and I read with the greatest delight. I remember putting in a wet day in Wiesbaden going through its pages and how vividly its author came to life through the anecdotes she recounted in such sprightly fashion. Lily Moulton, as she was in the days of which she was writing, was a Bostonian of excellent family, charming, to judge from her photographs and her popularity, in appearance and manner, with a voice of unusual quality and a sense of humor which shines out delightfully in her narrative. She was the wife at the time of an American business man who was resident in Paris, a Mr. Moulton, and she became a great favorite at the court of Louis Napoleon. Her book is full of intimate snapshots of royalty and its entourage, and vignettes of celebrities of the day are sewn thick throughout its course. It was she who raised corn in her conservatory, and during the siege of Paris when starvation was growing apace and the city was being reduced to horseflesh, sent some large, fine ears to the court for the Emperor and Empress only to discover later that it had been fed to the pigs, being deemed food fit only for animals. It was she, too, who on a visit to America sang to the prisoners at Sing Sing, and in her confusion when vociferously called on for a speech, rose to remark, "I am delighted to have met you, and I hope, I hope, that when I return some years hence I shall see you all here again." She was gay and light-hearted and charming, devoted to music and dancing. Somehow in looking back over the years she managed to recapture and transfer to the page her youthful high spirits and grace. Reading the book before the World War, I wondered how it was possible to dance so much with her world in conflagration about her, but the war made plain to everybody how necessary to the winning of battle is the pursuit of normal activities and the upholding of morale. "The Courts of Memory" is, so far as I know, out of print. I asked one of its publishers about it some months ago and was so told then. But it should not be hard to find in a second-hand shop. If E. B. R. cannot get it in her own town and will let me know I shall put the *Saturday Review's* great friend and standby, the Mendoza bookshop, on its trail.

ABOUT TWO AUTHORS

Mrs. H. M. D. of Plattsburgh, N. Y., sends us a double-barrelled question; she wants to know, first, whether Emily Hahn attended the University of Wisconsin, and, second, whether there was a poet named John Taylor and the date of his birth.

Yes, to both of her questions. Emily Hahn not only attended the University of Wisconsin but was, I believe, the first woman (perhaps the only woman) to get an engineering degree from it. She has led an adventurous life for a young girl, having been "megaphone director" for a sightseeing bus in New Mexico, and having travelled alone far from the beaten paths of the tourist in this country and abroad. Two or three years ago she went off by herself to Africa and lived in small settlements in the Congo. Her new novel, WITH NAKED FOOT (Bobbs-Merrill), reflects her African studies and observations. And a mighty good novel it is. As for John Taylor, who was born in Gloucester, England, on August 24 (not 16, as H. M. D. suggests), and who was known as the Water-Poet, his doggerel hardly merited the name of poetry but it was popular in its day and won for its author the attention of many celebrated literary figures. Taylor was a picturesque personality who had a varied career to his credit. He served in Essex's fleet and was present at Flores and the siege of Cadiz. After leaving the army he became a London waterman, and when the stagecoach began to replace the river boat and his occupation slipped away from him, took to verse in its stead. Among his various madcap adventures was a trip from London to Queenborough in a paper boat with two stockfish tied to canes for oars.

CIVIL WAR BACKGROUND

F. D. of Burbank, Calif., has come into possession of a family diary kept during the Civil War which he plans eventually to publish and also to use as the basis for a historical novel. In preparation for that work he wants books that will give him an insight into the background of the people of the war period, and books on the campaigns of the war, especially those fought largely in the Middle West and not concerned with Grant and Lee.

Of course there are certain standard works to which F. D. can repair for the battle background—Ropes's STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR (Scribners), the classical work on the struggle; Rhodes's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (Macmillan), and more specifically for detailed accounts of the campaigns—Johnson and Buel's BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR (Century). John Fiske's MISSISSIPPI VALLEY IN THE CIVIL WAR (Houghton Mifflin), which carries its chronicle from Fort Henry to Corinth, affords a briefer record.

For the social background of the period F. D. can do no better than to read Ulrich B. Phillips's LIFE AND LABOR IN THE OLD SOUTH (Little, Brown) and THE SOUTHERN PLANTATION (Columbia University Press), by F. P. Gaines, both scholarly studies of the section. A vast amount of fascinating material is to be found in books published before the outbreak of the conflict, such works as Harriet Martineau's AMERICAN TRAITS, now out of print but available in libraries, and Frederick Law Olmsted's JOURNEY IN THE BACK COUNTRY, 1853-54 (Putnam) and JOURNEY IN THE SEABOARD SLAVE STATES, '61 (Putnam). These three are quite the most illuminating and interesting records of personal observation on the period that I know anything of myself.

PICKETT REFERENCES

Apropos of my answer in the issue of September 22nd to F. W. G., of Akron, Ohio, relative to books on General Pickett, George W. Dyson of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I looked over my collection of second-hand magazines and I think that F. W. G. would find two that appeared in *Century* particularly interesting, THE THIRD DAY AT GETTYSBURG, by Major-General Henry G. Hunt (January, 1887, pages 451-463), and PICKETT'S CHARGE, by Col. E. P. Alexander, C.S.A. (January, 1887, No. 3, pages 464-471).

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE SPLENDID QUEST *Edison Marshall* (Kinsey: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	Our heroine debarks in Shanghai to find her fiancé too accustomed to gin baths. So they look for gold in Indo-China.	Ordinary
WOMEN IN WHITE *Peter Delius* (Lippincott: $2.)	Novel	England's contribution to the current spasm of hospital drammer.	Iodoform
BEYOND THE DESERT *Eugene Manlove Rhodes* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Western	Featuring, among others, a lisping gun-fighter for reader's delectation. Rhodes is the best in his field.	Prime

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

THIS appears to be the season for stories in verse; even young *Kimball Flaccus's* "Avalanche of April," composed of various poems, is subtitled "A Poem," and is partly narrative in method. Of course last June we had *Christopher La Farge's* "Hoxsie Sells His Acres," a story in verse concerning Rhode Island. And now *Frank Ernest Hill's* "The Westward Star" has just appeared. I am not reviewing that today. Mr. Hill deals with epic material and deserves a review to himself, and Mr. Flaccus's on the whole more lyrical book does not fall into quite the same category as the two I intend to talk about. These two are "The Trumpeting Crane," a narrative poem by *Helene Magaret* (Farrar & Rinehart) and "Riders of the Sky," a story in verse by *Leighton Brewer* (Houghton Mifflin). The first is the tale of a young woman on her father's farm on the western prairies. The author, Miss Magaret, is a Nebraskan. Her progenitors came from England in 1660 and steadily moved westward. Her present occupation is working in a bank in South Omaha, conducting a course in creative writing at a local university, and having poems occasionally published in various periodicals, among which the *Saturday Review of Literature* has been favored. Her manuscript came to her publishers from one who was to them quite unknown, and proved to be one of those rare discoveries in the unsolicited mail of a successful publishing house. Leighton Brewer, on the other hand, has essayed to write an Iliad of the air. He was himself in the American Flying Service in France. He writes of a young air fighter in France in the late Great War.

Let us first consider Miss Magaret's "The Trumpeting Crane." In the first place here is a writer who can describe saliently the particular part of the United States that she knows, give you its atmosphere in all seasons, and make convincing not merely the farmer's love for the land but the love of a woman bred to the soil for a particular kind of soil and landscape. Here is a grudging terrain

Since long ago a blind wind stirred
And the land turned barren.
The rivers shrank, the plains grew wide,
Willow and water lily died.

Yet it is a land toward which those born to it feel loyalty, inasmuch as they cry

We've beauty enough to live upon
And faith enough for dying.

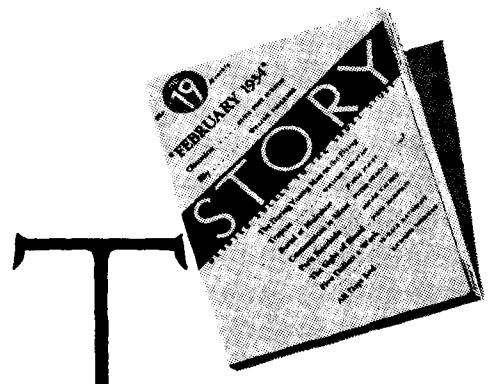
The beauty of the prairie country in its changing seasons is richly set forth by this poet, whose constant references to its flora and fauna bring it vividly under our eyes, are often most striking, and are in all details accurate. Not since Willa Cather wrote of it have I felt this essential part of the American scene as I have felt it in this poem. The descendants of pioneer folk are also presented convincingly against their background. Lydia is a thoroughly real woman. Her story is simple. The trumpeting crane is symbolical of what one is to take as the one deep human love of her life, for Clem Thorson, the young Swedish farmer, who is at first absorbed in Lydia and then falls in love with the city- and fashion-bred Carol Winterset at a townhall dance to which he takes Lydia. He returns to Lydia at the time of her father's burial, the elder Luther having been gored to death by his farm bull. For a little, Lydia tries to hold him, blinding her eyes to the truth she knows, that he really wants Carol. Then she faces the truth and sends him away. He marries Carol, and Lydia turns back to her love for the land. Her bitter struggle with her heart and her final beating-down of her agony by means of her loyalty and love for the land are presented to us starkly and strongly, and yet with subtle psychological insight as well.

Miss Magaret has a right to call her verse a narrative poem because it is distinctly poetic in its transitions and in the impressionistic way a good many of its dramatic moments are treated, in its linking of love with the seasons and in its lyrical interludes. On the other hand, its framework of story is built of direct narrative in prose rhythms. But it should be said that this poet has kept her versification constantly flexible. In fact, at times I think she varies pace and cadence a little too much, and in several instances doesn't get all she could out of the particular metre she adopts. Also, some of her transitions are unnecessarily jerky. Yet she has studiously tried to avoid overwriting, and has usually succeeded. On the whole, she has constructed her poem well without sacrificing spontaneity. She has carefully eschewed all inversions; and, though the pitch of her writing in so long a poem is almost necessarily uneven, there is sinew to her style and refreshing vigor in her phrasing. Hers is genuine imaginative creation and deep knowledge of her woman protagonist. She writes with a bold, free stroke, and gives us what is certainly an outstanding American novel in verse.

Beside such command of a difficult medium, Leighton Brewer's blank verse, occasionally rhymed, cannot but seem sometimes appallingly bad. In fact for the most part it is not blank verse at all. It is about as undextrous as could well be. When he writes what is really straight prose, cut into lengths, he at least achieves clear-cut definition and the force of direct statement; but he chooses ever and again to mix this with a sort of poetic lingo that includes unnatural inversions of sentence structure and even worn-out poetic terminology, such as "morn" for morning and "eve" for evening. With a desire to be Homeric he occasionally falls into a sophomoric imitation of the grand style that does not gee at all with his colloquial narrative in modern speech and the technical terms of the air service. He see-saws between the prosy and the grandiose. And as for any truly deep insight into human beings or mature philosophy, there are but very small traces in his poem. His protagonist is a romantic youngster who, for the most part, sees all war fliers as knights of the air to be welcomed upon their death into a Norse Valhalla. Consequently any serious thoughts of this youth, as they are sometimes set forth, are comparatively negligible; and in describing the sweep of the war the author indulges in a good deal of purple language and trite observation. Such is the debit side of this book. I deplore the overwriting that badly needed a blue pencil, since here is also a man who remembers all the detail of the training of a flier on the other side, can describe the sensations of flying and fighting in the air, and still feels the whole business to the bone and vividly sees the country of the war and the high air over it bedroned by battle-planes.

Mr. Brewer knows all about the different types of aircraft used in the war. He knows all the sights and sounds that impress themselves upon a flier. He knows all the tests one had to go through before one qualified as "pilote de chasse," and all the tricks of air-fighting. His own thorough experience, and the ability to tell about it, makes this mass of detail (to anyone at all interested in flying) both fascinating and exciting. The last stand of old-time chivalry in war was undoubtedly in the air. There there really must have been a feeling of gallant adventure as there was certainly sporting hand-to-hand (or plane-to-plane) combat. Mr. Brewer conveys this, though in rhetorical moments he goes too far in his Homeric listing of air heroes, and mars his realism with—not poetry, but poeticality.

I can commend however his evident knowledge of astronomy and his fine references to the constellations. I can commend his frequent graphic similes drawn from natural phenomena in all parts of the world. Some of them are unusual and fresh similitudes. I can, above all, commend this book as a good and exciting account of a flier's progress in the late Great War. Mr. Brewer knows how the sky looks to a flier at any time of day or night and at any height; he can tell you what it actually feels like to be in a "dog fight" or any other air manœuvre. He can describe a flier's sensations in memorable phrase. His verse medium will take you for an exceedingly bumpy ride, but you are likely to forget that in the sheer, continuous interest of what happens to his young flier. Also many of the great fliers of the War pass across his pages and their exploits are well described. This is much to have done. And this poem is a large attempt. But if the author had been content to tell his story entirely without trimmings he would have made a greater impression.



THIS ISSUE OF STORY MAGAZINE made history. One of the stories in it was so widely talked about that the issue was sold out in a week and had to go back to press repeatedly. It was "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" by a new writer, William Saroyan.

"Stamp the name of William Saroyan on the reserve mirror of your memory", wrote ***Michael March*** (in The Brooklyn Citizen). "He writes . . . as nobody else quite has the courage to do. What he feels singing in him is the vision which could lead literature out of the sick bogs of pseudo-realism into which it has got itself. There is, indeed, something of that inner fire in him that created the best of D. H. Lawrence. And I think in Saroyan it is clearer, purer." ***Burton Rascoe*** predicts: "This dark horse may be a sensation."

Inside of a few months Saroyan was being sought after by practically every magazine in America. He is unquestionably the most important new short story writer since Faulkner. For the first time, his stories are now made available in a bound volume. It will be at your bookseller's on Monday.

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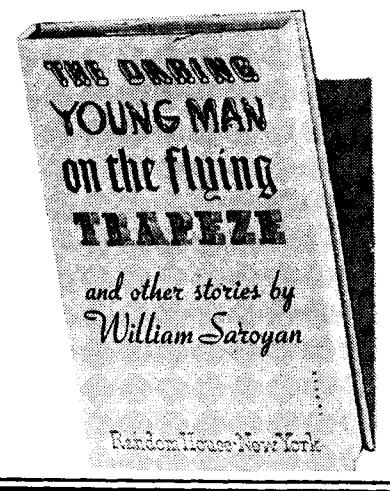

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A Hoosier Holiday
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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The Publishers' Code, signed last week, has nothing as significant for the general reader as the price-maintenance provision of the Booksellers' Code, which went through in April. It has some interesting features, however, in connection with reprints and remainders. The Code provides that no novel be reissued in a cheaper edition for at least a year after publication; no non-fiction title for at least two years. This standardizes what was already the practice of several publishers in releasing reprint rights of their books. Exceptions include photoplay or dramatic editions of fiction, if plainly advertised as such; other exceptions may be made (for particularly timely or short-lived books, we suppose) with permission of the Code Authority. Educational editions may be issued at not less than 75% of the list price of the trade edition. And special editions may be issued for book clubs; but in advertising these editions, no comparisons with the price of the regular edition can be made for at least six months.

☞As to remainders, the code provides that no overstock be disposed of until two years after publication in the case of non-fiction; and of a novel, until it has been on sale during two Christmas seasons. Remainders are to be sold without jackets, unless the jacket states that the book is sold at a reduced price because it is a remainder. This provision should go at least part of the way towards eliminating the practice, which used to be indulged in, of actually reprinting books for remainder purposes. This practice was one of several which militated against public confidence in book prices. A bona fide remainder is a book printed for sale at the original list price, but sold at a reduction because the supply exceeded the demand.

☞Other provisions relate to hours of labor; to the maintenance of publication dates; to fair practices among competitors. The code provides against advertising which "intentionally distorts material facts"; it also provides that if a book has been previously issued under another title, either in England or in serial form here, the previous title shall be printed on the jacket and the title-page. ☞There are seven divisions of book publishers (running the gamut from A to G): Bible Publishers, Law Book Publishers, Medical Book Publishers; Drama Publishers, Mail Order Publishers, Text Book Publishers, and Trade Publishers. The last of them, Division G, is the one we're talking about.

☞The NRA rejected the publishers' discount schedule, proposed as part of the code; also rejected the effort to insert a clause prohibiting complete serialization of a novel in one issue of a magazine. The publishers seem satisfied with the code, however, and in its standardization of reprints and remainders it is a good thing for the trade in general. And, as one more important step in the protection of responsible bookselling, these provisions work to the benefit of readers who depend on good bookstores.

* *

☞Quercus is pleased to review the publication entitled *Two Out of Three Book Buyers,* issued by the *New York Times* and hot off the press. This pamphlet is the result of a survey carried on from April to August of this year, to determine what proportion of the active buyers of current books reads each of the recognized literary reviews and magazines. Questionnaires were printed in the form of business reply cards, listing eleven publications which review books. These cards were inserted in new books by twelve publishers, in bills by two others. 3682 cards were returned, of which 2457 mentioned the *Times,* 1131 the *Herald Tribune Books,* 841 the *S. R. L.* ☞We congratulate the *Times* on their indisputable quantitative lead, and on this very ingenuous and conclusive method of establishing their position. ☞We congratulate ourselves as well, for *The Saturday Review* drew, in proportion to circulation, a far higher percentage of mentions than any other publication listed: two and a half times as many, on this basis, as the next publication. And if the number of "mentions" be considered as "results," then the *S. R. L.* emerges from this survey with a swell argument for the solicitation of book advertising—*i. e.,* our old friend long division gives us the lowest "cost per."

* *

☞Old Quercus, sitting in the cellar to admire his new oil-burning furnace, finds his crosstown patriotism aroused by the fact that it comes from East 45th Street. Q has not yet christened this remarkable apparatus, but is thinking to call it either *Prospero* or *Horace Howard.* ☞The booklets of the various heating companies are admirable in lucid persuasive demonstrative prose. We are thinking of compiling an Anthology of Trade Literature, which is mostly a lot better written than the so-called "proletarian" tripe. A loud Hear Hear from this column to Mr. Mencken's piece in last week's issue of this Review.

☞Mr. Macdonell, author of the spirited *England, Their England* (Macmillan) is now on his first visit to the States. Among the things that have puzzled him is, what is a Funeral Parlor? ☞One place which is evidently quite the opposite is the Washington Square Book Shop: they tell us that they sold out their 50 copies of last week's *Saturday Review* by noon Saturday—and ordered 50 more. ☞Mr. Macdonell, by the way, is undoubtedly not responsible for the interview which appeared in the London *Observer* before he sailed; but his interviewer shows us what the British can do when they're at their best:

> "Kentucky has always interested me," said Mr. MacDonell. "I want to go to the scene of Stonewall Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. I want, too, to find out for myself if Kentucky is all a city of colonels and judges, as we have been taught to believe." Mr. MacDonell's eyes glinted when he spoke of Atalanta [*sic*], Georgia.

* *

☞Old Quercus's favorite story lately is the one told by Ted McCawley of Haverford. Its heroine was a lady vacationing in New Hampshire, who was going to ride horse for the first time. The stableman asked her which saddle she preferred, English or Western. She inquired what was the difference? "The English saddle is flat," he explained, "the Western saddle has a horn on it." "I'll take the English one," she said. "The traffic isn't very thick up here, I won't need the horn."

☞Discreet Mermaid G., in charge of the Personals department, told us with pride that the number of correspondence "boxes" required to classify her anonymous clients had reached 1,000, and now begins again in a new series. ☞The Personals column, a periscope above the dark ocean of human secrecy, has been widely noticed—and imitated. (For instance see *Letters,* the new subsidiary magazine lately started by *Time.*) One of Personals' recent appearances in fiction was in a clever little story ("Reading Time, 4 minutes 36 seconds") by Alexander Laing in *Liberty.* (Aug. 18.) ☞The cipher and acrostic boys are having a grand time in Charles Heartman's monthly *The American Book Collector* (Metuchen, N. J.) Our old friend George Frisbee is convinced that Mark Twain wrote most of the works of Lewis Carroll, Edgar Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne. ☞Mr. Heartman has written a powerful Open Letter to President Roosevelt begging more public funds to enrich the Library of Congress. ☞Philip Duschnes, the bookseller, was in our office the other day and noted an odd coincidence. On a *Saturday Review* display rack in the little reception hall was a book whose bright orange and black wrapper said *42 Years in the White House.* Mr. Duschnes opened the volume and began running through the table of contents. Some of the chapter headings startled him a little, but he concluded that it must be a very exceptionally intimate study of the Executive Mansion. He read:— "Home and Hospital . . . . Death and the Census . . . . Monkeys and Men . . . . Elephants . . . . Administration and Amputation. . . ." He began to wonder, and examined. It was a copy of *Congo Solo* that had the jacket of Ike Hoover's book wrapped round it. ☞Old Quercus's own best coincidence of the week was as follows. He was enjoying himself rereading a long-ago favorite, *Rupert of Hentzau.* In the 13th chapter of that story is a passage: "He took out his watch; it was ten minutes to ten." And written in pencil in the margin was a note by a previous reader:—

> *By an amusing coincidence I read these words at 9.50 exactly, 17-1-22.*

A queer apprehension tingled in Quercus's placid arteries. He rose from the couch and hurried to the clock in the next room. It was punctually 9.50 p.m.

Spot-News of the Week

1. **RUDYARD KIPLING'S "Collected Dog Stories"** is just published, in bookshops—a superb volume of masterly tales and poems, including one hitherto unpublished item, "A Sea Dog." For yourself or to give away. Illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse. $2.50

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2. Here's good news for everyone who's crazy about Krazy, the incomparable cat! **Baron Ireland** has collected his delightful verses out of F. P. A.'s column and other publications in a sly little book—**OUR CAT**—"For better or for verse," says Paul Yawitz. Illustrated by Harry Hanson Lees. $1.75

3. If you read Margaret Goldsmith's fascinating "Christina of Sweden," be sure to ask to see her new book, **FRANZ ANTON MESMER,** the true story of the little doctor from Vienna who helped to reveal psychic science. "An excellent study."—Saturday Review. $2.50

4. For a simply delightful treat in good reading, abandon yourself to the 300 enthralling pages of Edward Bierstadt's **ENTER MURDERERS.**—a brilliant examination of the Art of Murder as exemplified by some great American practitioners. "Cleverly and brilliantly told—a beguiling book."—New York Times. $2.50

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933,

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1934.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George Stevens, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; William Rose Benét, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1934. Lucy E. Epperson, Notary Public, New York City, New York County Clerk's No. 222. New York County Register's No. 6E136. Commission Expires March 30, 1936.

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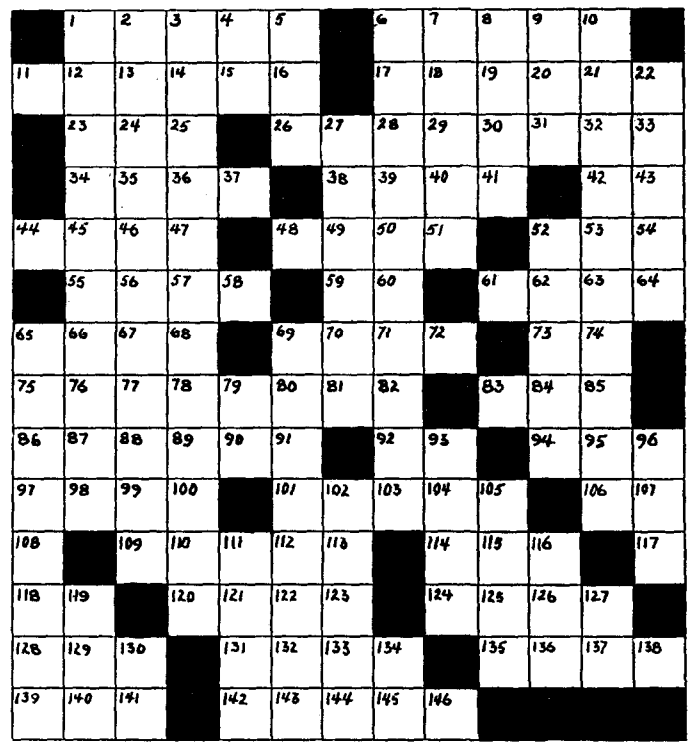
Double-Crostics: Number 29

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

WORDS	DEFINITIONS
I. 13-132-79-4-48. Make fast; become entangled.	_ _ _ _ _
II. 71-25-146-122-60-101-112. Fundamental or intrinsic being.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 107-54-133-89-83-43. Deny, nullify.	_ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 87-20-82-73-117-106-123-129-56-115-3. Jewish New Year.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 44-29-141-6. A canine exclamation.	_ _ _ _
VI. 63-2-42-95. Mountain from which Moses saw Canaan.	_ _ _ _
VII. 74-16-21-118-81. Uncanny, strange.	_ _ _ _ _
VIII. 12-144-76-26-80. Famous Parisian couturier.	_ _ _ _ _
IX. 86-120-138-113-38-11. Big gun used in the World War.	_ _ _ _ _ _
X. 125-28-1-53-140-97-78-66-7. Charitable institution.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 51-35-127-61. Sediment in a liquor container.	_ _ _ _
XII. 136-67-14-55-33-37-98-18-119-90. Most parched.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 68-45-62-9-134-58-70-110-139-142. Scores in football.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 23-57-124-77. American author and clergyman (1822-1909).	_ _ _ _
XV. 137-94-17-111-40-50-27-72-91-103-32. Adorns.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 145-84-49-34-93. Sudden breath or blast.	_ _ _ _ _
XVII. 114-46-99-39-131-65-15-104-128-22-116. Destroyed.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 143-92-109-121. Impertinently inquisitive (slang).	_ _ _ _
XIX. 108-135-30-19-52. Town famous for pottery.	_ _ _ _ _
XX. 130-126-5. Period immediately before an event.	_ _ _
XXI. 105-88-31-47. Vibrating tongue in a wind instrument.	_ _ _ _
XXII. 85-102-24-100-59-75-41-10. Qualified.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 96-36-69-8-64. Stately, splendid; fit for a king.	_ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 28)

JOHN KEATS—"THE EVE OF ST. AGNES"

Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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HOBO-REFORMED, 38, educated, 2 degrees, Christian. Comfortable income, fond of reading and living a full life. Would like to correspond with lady of similar accomplishments. Box 2-A.

WANTED: Another lone English teacher, male or female, who will be attending National Council at Washington Thanksgiving Holidays, thirty-five-fifty, single, interested high school English—to attend luncheons with, discuss lectures, etc. Dutch, naturally. Correspondence invited. Box 3-A.

GENTLEMAN, 34, traveler, lecturer, writer, with small regular income, desires home with congenial companionship where home-loving man would be useful. Box 4-A.

MANUSCRIPTS wanted. Short Christmas Dog Story. Box 5-A.

PERSONALS

HARVARD GRADUATE tutoring, piano, business. W... Europe and America. Thr... Street in Importing and Bond ... edge of German, French, Italian, Hungarian. Box 6-A.

MAN of fortune seeks companion eager for adventuring. Write, Box 7-A.

LITERATE MAN would like to hear from New York *Review* readers interested in talking about things that count. Box 8-A.

ARTIST of independent means seeks acquaintance cultured young woman, vicinity of Hartford. Box 9-A.

MATURE SOULS who love books, all sorts of books—A. Edward Newton to seed catalogues. Men and women who can thrill toward a map, whose feet or whose dreams have travelled beyond the horizons, and whose thoughts flow easily in ink, their correspondence desired by an unattached woman, aged 41. Box 10-A.

UNCONFIRMED California bachelor, anything but impecunious, transcontinental commuter, diffident but three dimensional, seeks fourth dimensional feminine relief from boredom. Blue stockings ignored. Write Box 11-A.

MY TWO HOBBIES are books and golf. Is there an intelligent attractive girl willing share these and kindred interests with me? Clevelander, 28. Box 12-A.

MALE, 38, *interested in business, music, art,* people, would like new contacts regardless of age, sex, religion or color. Box 13-A.

TRAINED LIBRARIAN, young woman, would like a government library position in one of the United States Possessions other than Philippine Islands. Are there any vacancies? Box 14-A.

IS THERE a reasonably attractive, maternally-minded woman, 30 to 40, of normal emotional and intellectual interests—capable of deep sympathy—tolerant of moderate war disabilities (merely that the old nerves haven't got that old pep)—to correspond with American, 40, former newspaper feature writer, college man, small income and very modest cottage in Norwalk, Conn., 40 miles from New York—object friendship, possible literary collaboration or what have you? Keeper of the Bees.

49c VENTURED here August '33 instigated The Mixers. 70 intellectual members now corresponding. Pairs. Foursomes. Selecting few more. Mixing Bowl Annual tells all, 5c. Georgia Smith, 60 E. Ferry, Detroit.

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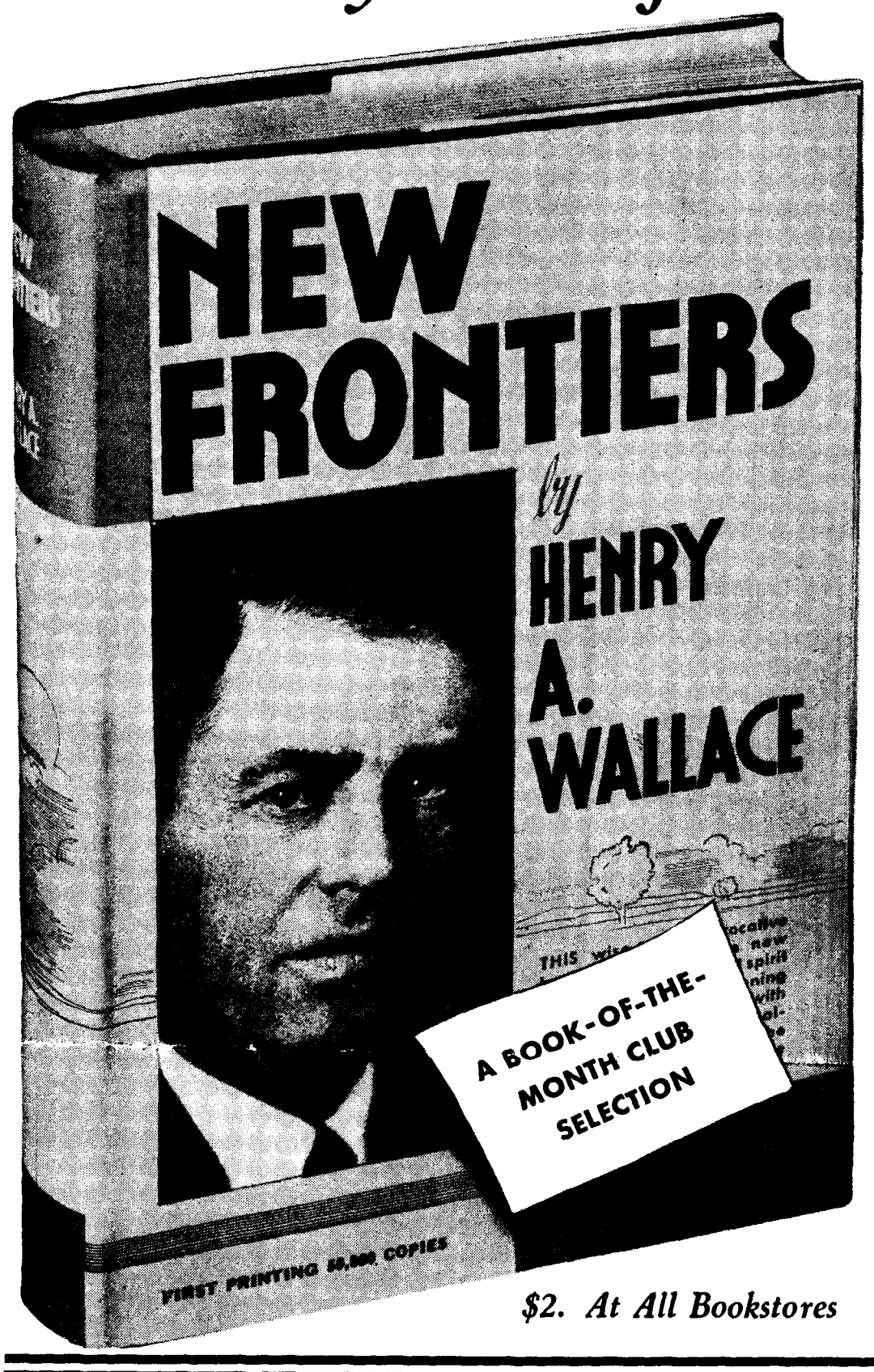

said ALLAN NEVINS

—in his front page review of NEW FRONTIERS in the *Saturday Review*. If you have not already bought a copy of the book we recommend your reading these extracts from his review.

"WALLACE does not think of government in terms of a malevolent bureaucracy; he thinks of it in Lincoln's terms—of, by, and for the people, their leader and their shield. He does not subscribe to the idea that we have always had an "American System" that would guarantee us happiness as long as we clung to it. He holds rather that national happiness requires constant trust, innovation, and pioneering experiment.

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